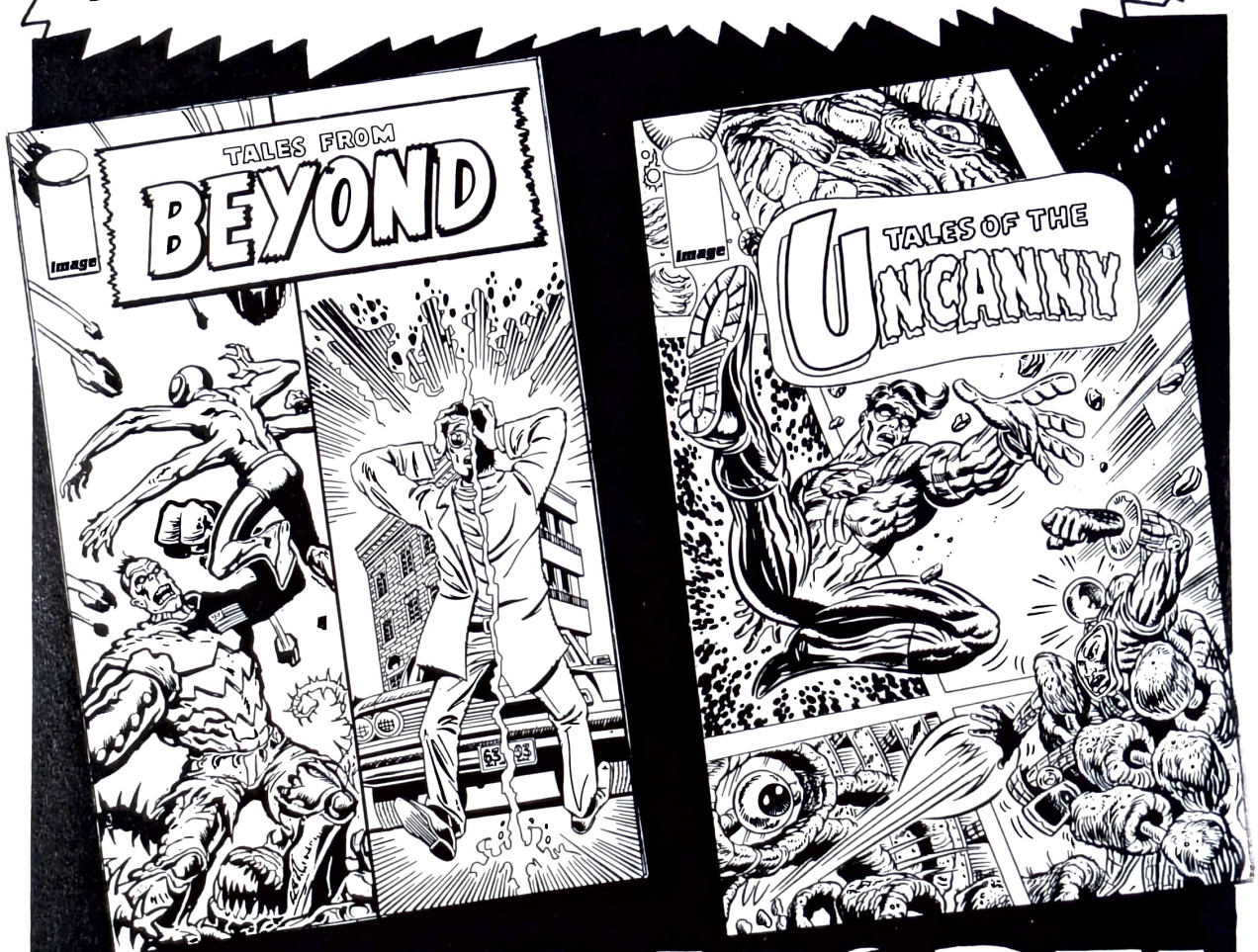
1963
image
BOOK TWO
$1.95
$2.35 CANADA
NO ONE ESCAPES...
The FURY
WATCH OUT, ROOFRUNNER! THE VILLAINOUS VOIDOID IS BACK!
AND JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT HE'S GOT WITH HIM!
"WHEN WAKES THE WARBEAST"

IMAGE COMICS PRESENTS: 1963!

A BARNSTORMING BRACE OF BEDAZZLING BARGAINS FROM THE BOWER OF BRILLIANCE!



SAY NO MORE!

A SUBSERVIENT SWEEP OF THE SIXTY-THREE SOMBRERO TO OUR SWINGIN' SUPERVISORS, THE SAINTS, SAGES AND SAVANTS OF...

Shadowline INK

1963 BOOK TWO: NO ONE ESCAPES...THE FURY!, May 1993, 1st printing. Published by IMAGE COMICS, 2600 NUTWOOD AVE, SUITE # 175, FULLERTON CALIFORNIA 92631. 1963 and NO ONE ESCAPES...THE FURY! TM and © 1993 ALAN MOORE, STEPHEN BISSETTE and RICK VEITCH. Contents of this issue © 1993 ALAN MOORE, STEPHEN BISSETTE, and DAVE GIBBONS. All Rights Reserved. No similarity between any of the names, character, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

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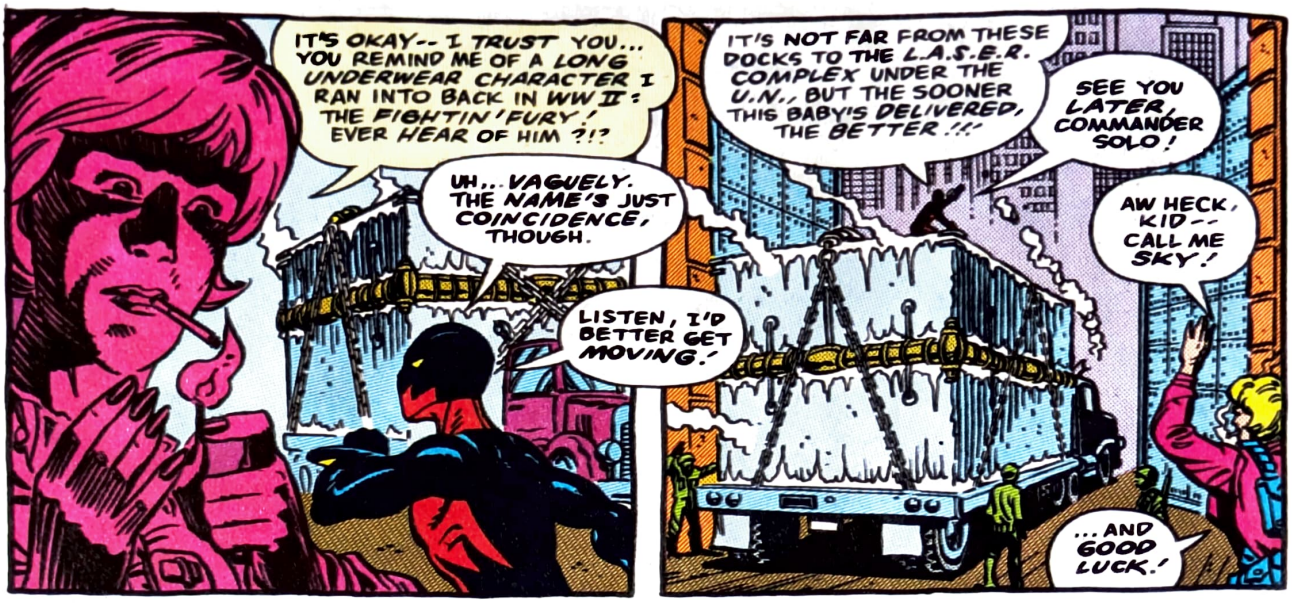
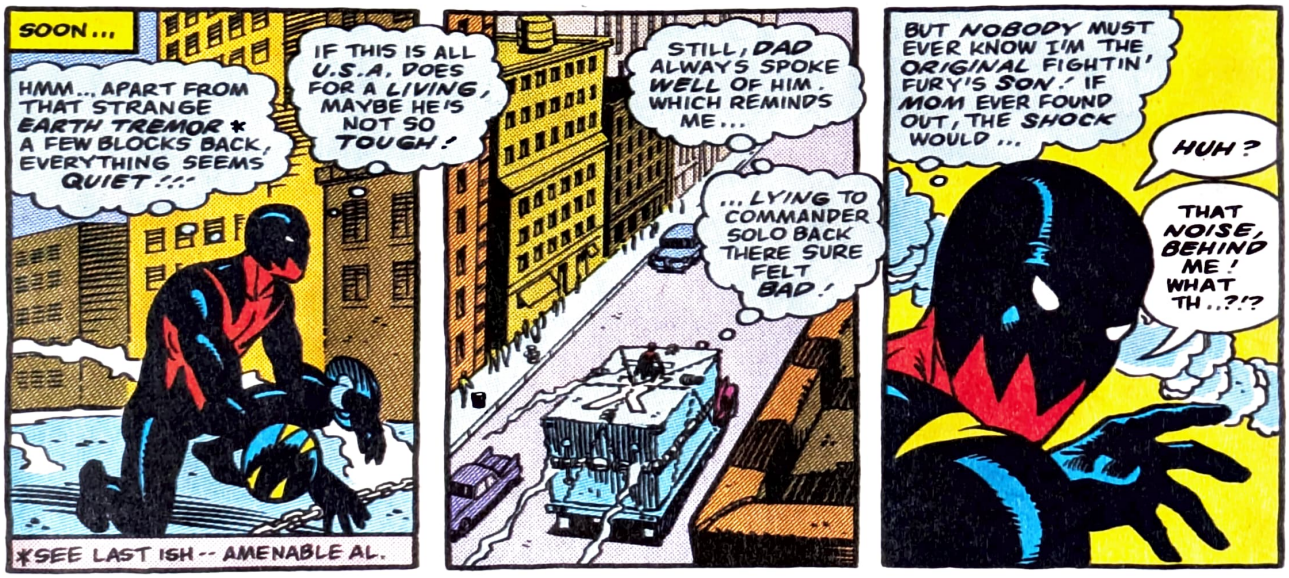
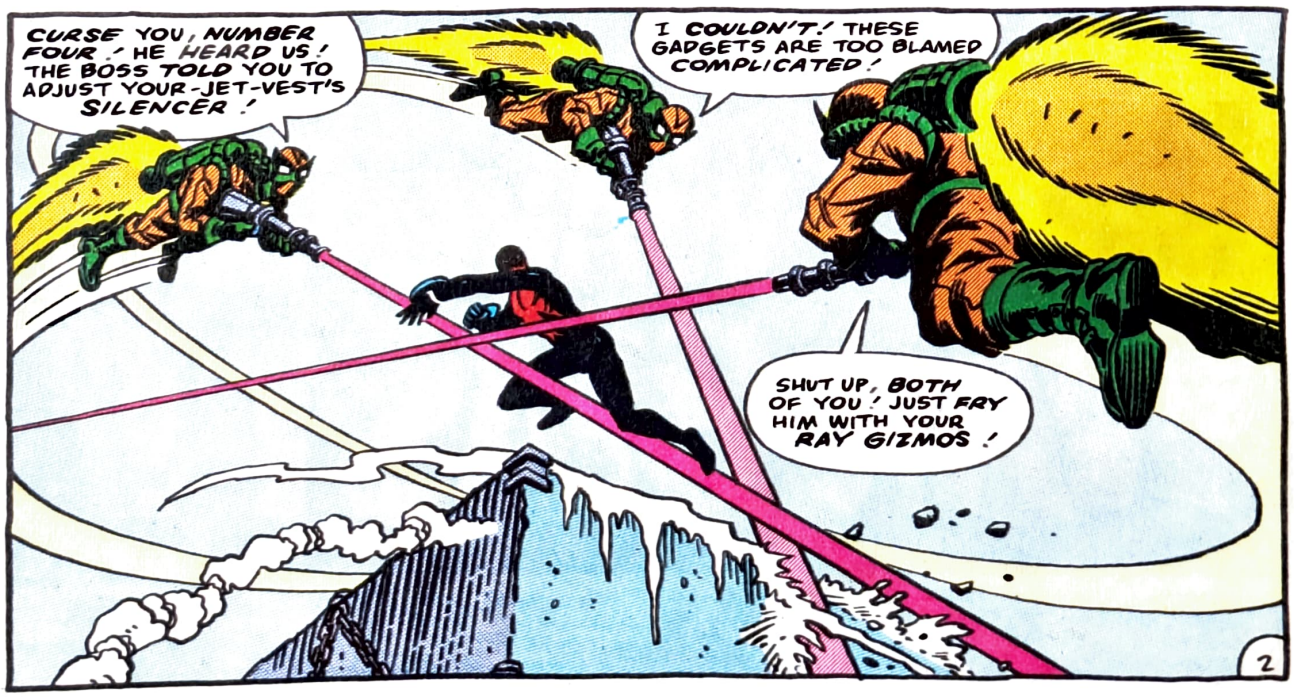
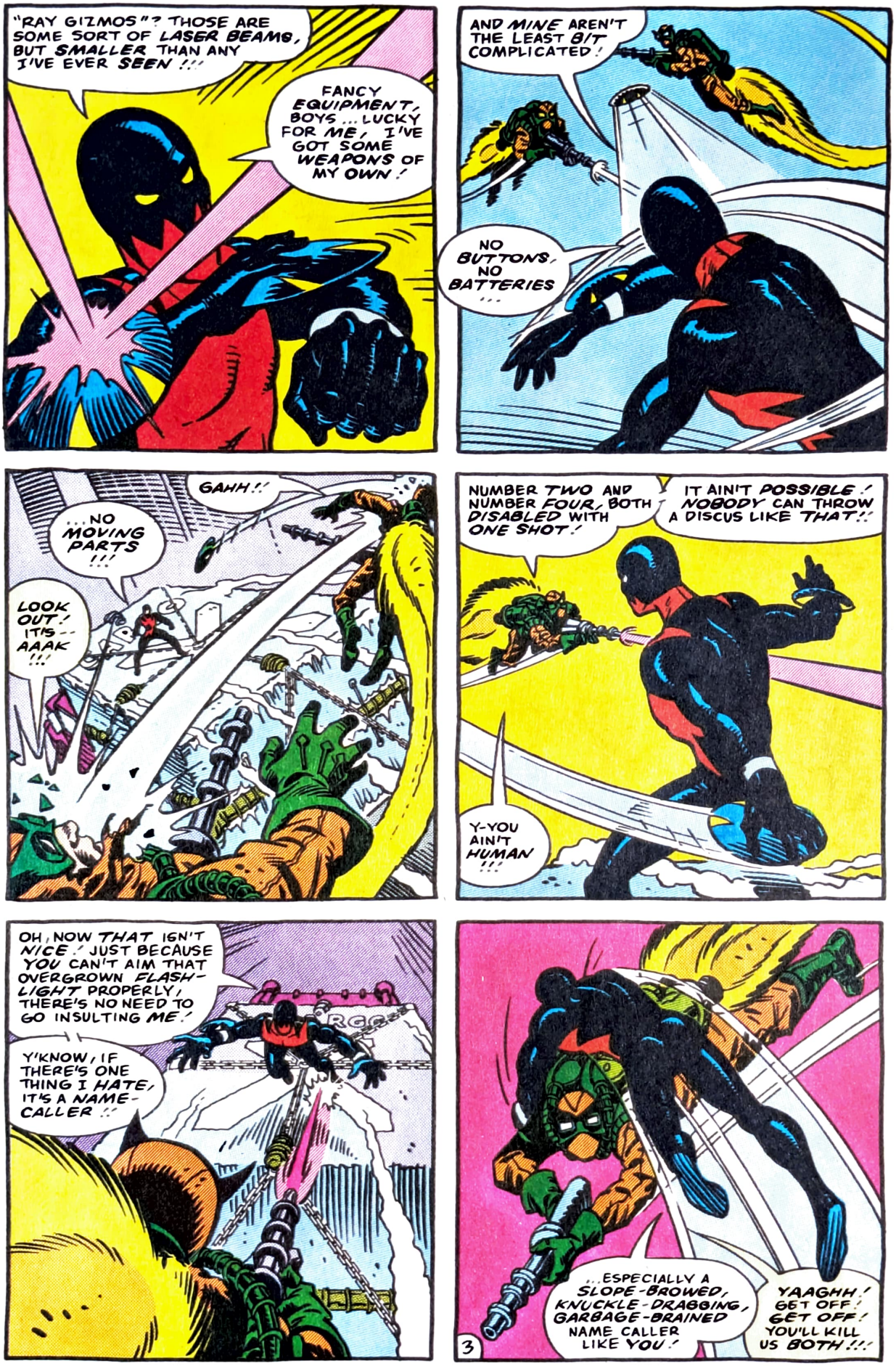
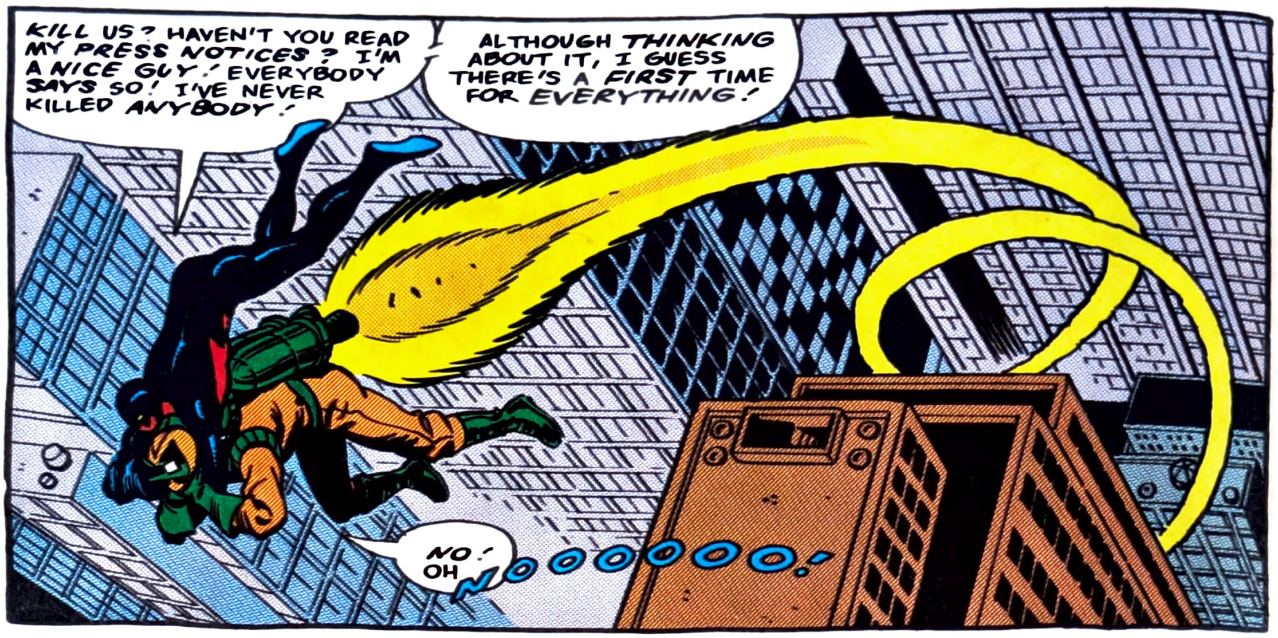
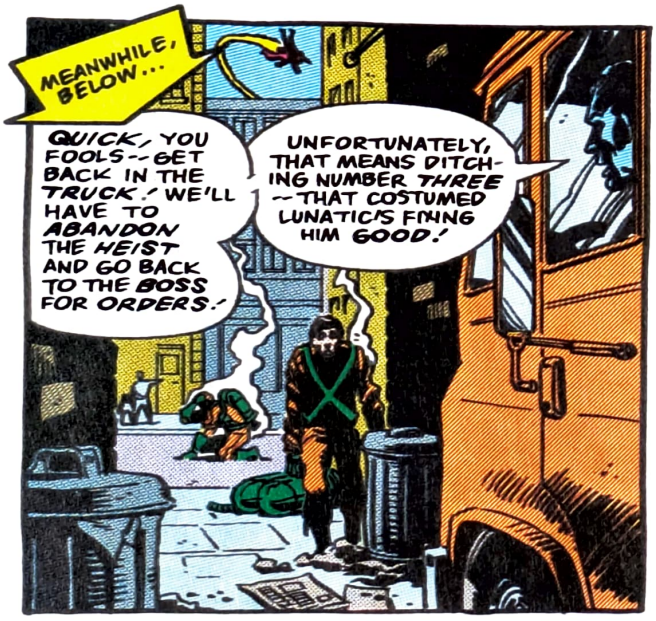

IT'S OKAY-- I TRUST YOU... YOU REMIND ME OF A LONG UNDERWEAR CHARACTER I RAN INTO BACK IN WW II: THE FIGHTIN' FURY! EVER HEAR OF HIM ?!?
UH... VAGUELY. THE NAME'S JUST COINCIDENCE, THOUGH.
LISTEN, I'D BETTER GET MOVING!
IT'S NOT FAR FROM THESE DOCKS TO THE L.A.S.E.R. COMPLEX UNDER THE U.N., BUT THE SOONER THIS BABY'S DELIVERED, THE BETTER !!!
SEE YOU LATER, COMMANDER SOLO!
AW HECK, KID-- CALL ME SKY!
...AND GOOD LUCK!


SOON...
HMM... APART FROM THAT STRANGE EARTH TREMOR * A FEW BLOCKS BACK, EVERYTHING SEEMS QUIET !!!
IF THIS IS ALL U.S.A. DOES FOR A LIVING, MAYBE HE'S NOT SO TOUGH!
STILL, DAD ALWAYS SPOKE WELL OF HIM. WHICH REMINDS ME...
...LYING TO COMMANDER SOLO BACK THERE SURE FELT BAD!
BUT NOBODY MUST EVER KNOW I'M THE ORIGINAL FIGHTIN' FURY'S SON! IF MOM EVER FOUND OUT, THE SHOCK WOULD...
HUH?
THAT NOISE, BEHIND ME! WHAT TH..?!?
*SEE LAST ISH -- AMENABLE AL.


CURSE YOU, NUMBER FOUR! HE HEARD US! THE BOSS TOLD YOU TO ADJUST YOUR-JET-VEST'S SILENCER!
I COULDN'T! THESE GADGETS ARE TOO BLAMED COMPLICATED!
SHUT UP, BOTH OF YOU! JUST FRY HIM WITH YOUR RAY GIZMOS!
2


"RAY GIZMOS"? THOSE ARE SOME SORT OF LASER BEAMS, BUT SMALLER THAN ANY I'VE EVER SEEN !!!
FANCY EQUIPMENT, BOYS ... LUCKY FOR ME, I'VE GOT SOME WEAPONS OF MY OWN !
AND MINE AREN'T THE LEAST BIT COMPLICATED !
NO BUTTONS, NO BATTERIES ...
GAHH !!
...NO MOVING PARTS !!!
LOOK OUT ! IT'S -- AAAK !!!
NUMBER TWO AND NUMBER FOUR, BOTH DISABLED WITH ONE SHOT !
IT AIN'T POSSIBLE ! NOBODY CAN THROW A DISCUS LIKE THAT !!
Y-YOU AIN'T HUMAN !!!
OH, NOW THAT ISN'T NICE ! JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN'T AIM THAT OVERGROWN FLASHLIGHT PROPERLY, THERE'S NO NEED TO GO INSULTING ME !
Y'KNOW, IF THERE'S ONE THING I HATE, IT'S A NAME-CALLER !!
...ESPECIALLY A SLOPE-BROWED, KNUCKLE-DRAGGING, GARBAGE-BRAINED NAME CALLER LIKE YOU !
YAAGHH ! GET OFF ! GET OFF ! YOU'LL KILL US BOTH !!!
3

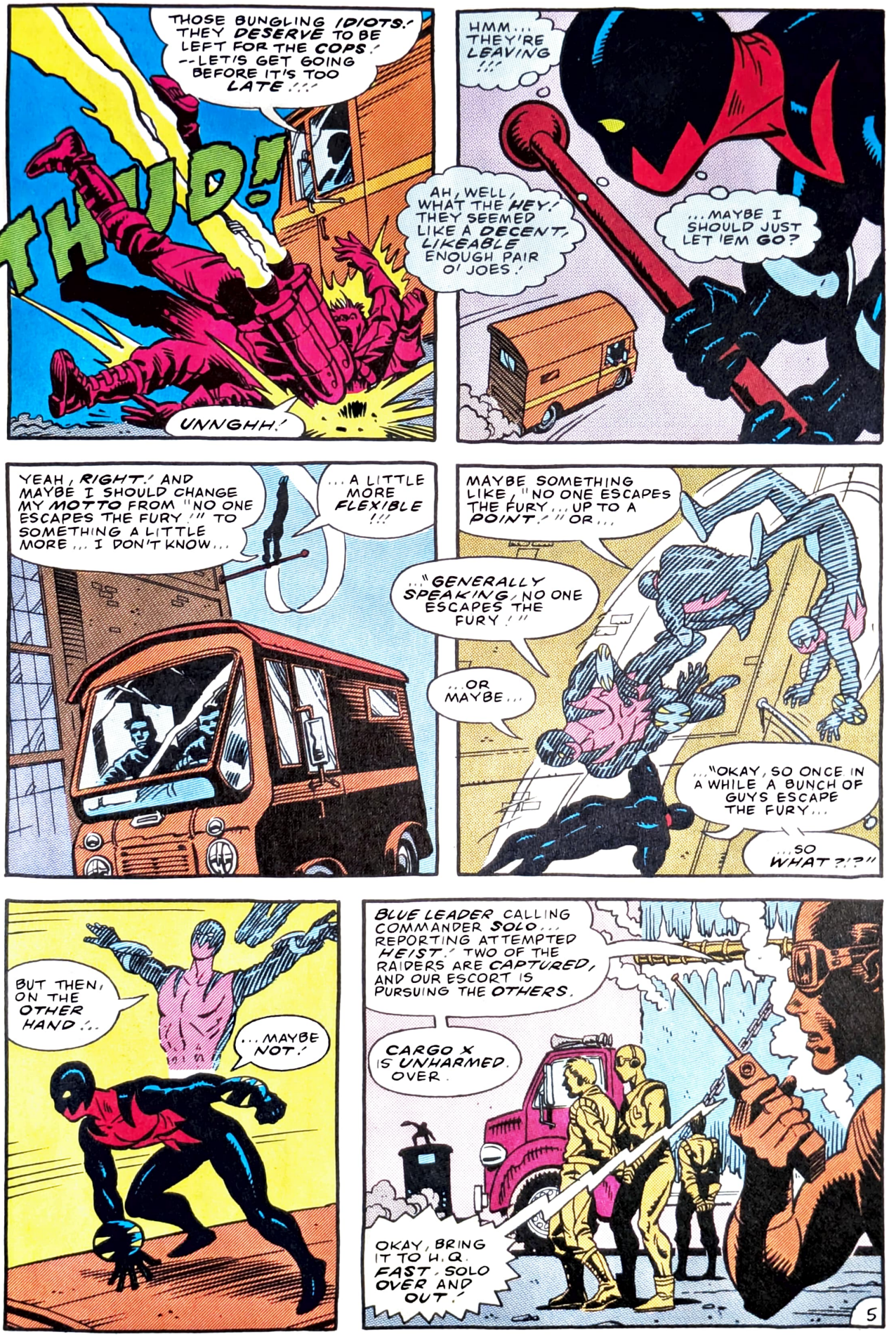

KILL US? HAVEN'T YOU READ MY PRESS NOTICES? I'M A NICE GUY.' EVERYBODY SAYS SO! I'VE NEVER KILLED ANYBODY.'
ALTHOUGH THINKING ABOUT IT, I GUESS THERE'S A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING.'
NO.' OH NOOOOOOOO.'


MEANWHILE, BELOW...
QUICK, YOU FOOLS--GET BACK IN THE TRUCK.' WE'LL HAVE TO ABANDON THE HEIST AND GO BACK TO THE BOSS FOR ORDERS.'
UNFORTUNATELY, THAT MEANS DITCHING NUMBER THREE --THAT COSTUMED LUNATIC'S FIXING HIM GOOD.'

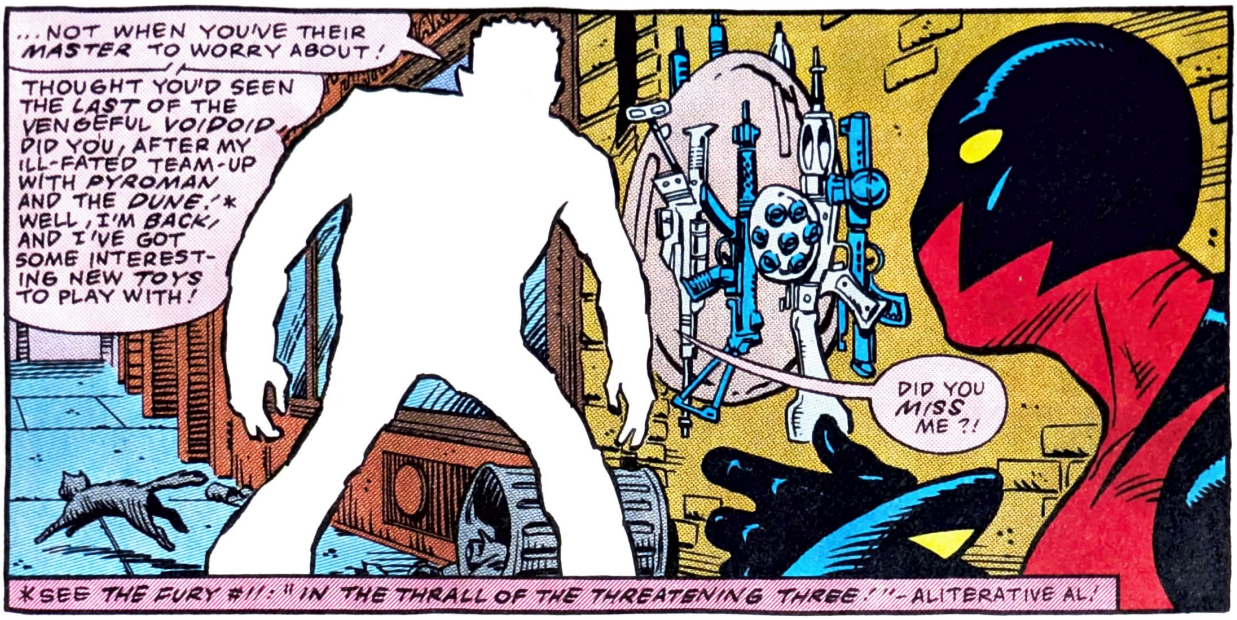
MY GOGGLES.' THEY'VE FALLEN OFF.' I CAN'T SEE.'
AW, RELAX.' YOU AIN'T MISSIN' NOTHING.' I MEAN, THE WAY I FIGURE IT, WHEN YOU'VE SEEN ONE STORY FLASH BY, YOU'VE SEEN 'EM ALL.'
AAAGHH!!!

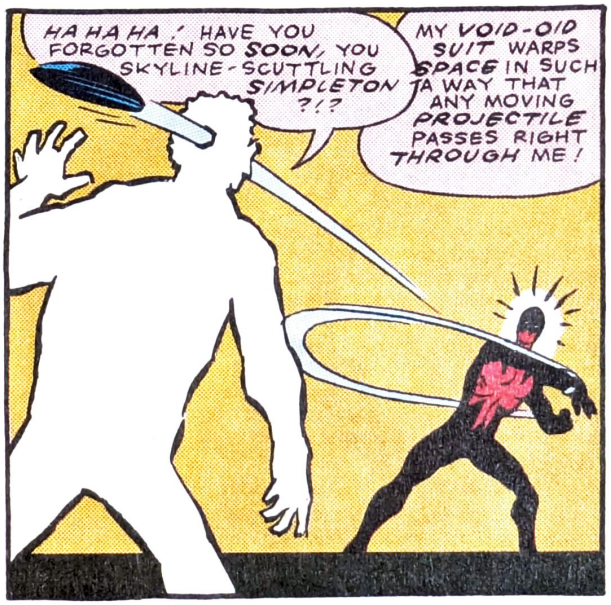
FOR CRIPE'S SAKE, NUMBER TWO--GET ON BOARD.' WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE NOW.' THAT MANIAC IS COMING BACK.'
OH, LORD...

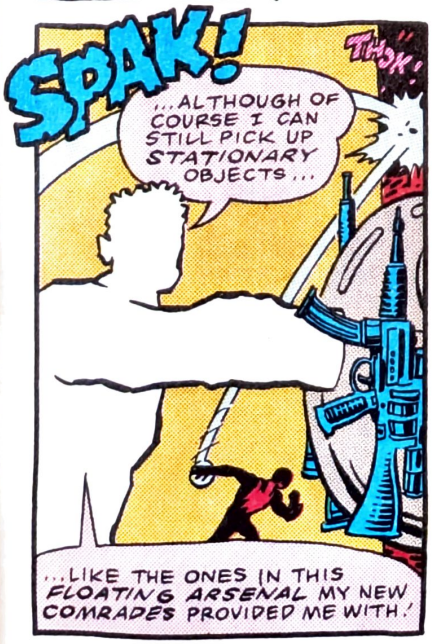
OKAY, LISTEN. I'VE SEEN YOU SAFELY THIS FAR... THINK YOU CAN MANAGE THE LAST FEW FEET BY YOURSELF?
AAA GUH!

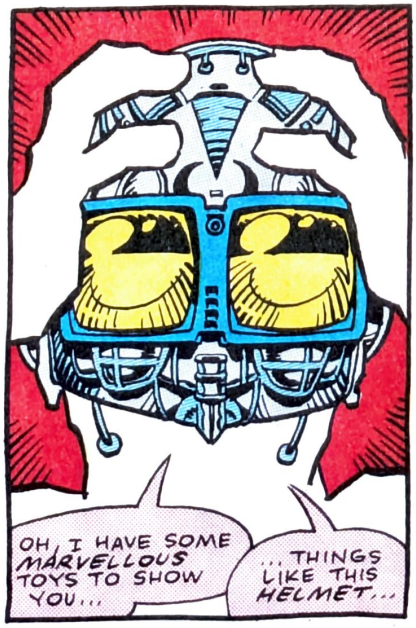

THOSE BUNGLING IDIOTS! THEY DESERVE TO BE LEFT FOR THE COPS! --LET'S GET GOING BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!!!
THUD!
UNNGHH!
HMM... THEY'RE LEAVING!!!
...MAYBE I SHOULD JUST LET 'EM GO?
AH, WELL, WHAT THE HEY! THEY SEEMED LIKE A DECENT, LIKEABLE ENOUGH PAIR O' JOES!
YEAH, RIGHT! AND MAYBE I SHOULD CHANGE MY MOTTO FROM "NO ONE ESCAPES THE FURY!" TO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE... I DON'T KNOW...
...A LITTLE MORE FLEXIBLE!!!
MAYBE SOMETHING LIKE, "NO ONE ESCAPES THE FURY... UP TO A POINT!" OR...
..."GENERALLY SPEAKING, NO ONE ESCAPES THE FURY!"
...OR MAYBE...
..."OKAY, SO ONCE IN A WHILE A BUNCH OF GUYS ESCAPE THE FURY...
...SO WHAT?!?"
BUT THEN, ON THE OTHER HAND...
...MAYBE NOT!
BLUE LEADER CALLING COMMANDER SOLO... REPORTING ATTEMPTED HEIST! TWO OF THE RAIDERS ARE CAPTURED, AND OUR ESCORT IS PURSUING THE OTHERS.
CARGO X IS UNHARMED. OVER.
OKAY, BRING IT TO H.Q. FAST. SOLO OVER AND OUT!
5

MEANWHILE...
WHAT WAS THAT BANG?
I HEARD A NOISE BACK THERE!
WILL YOU SHUT UP? NOBODY'S FOLLOWING US! APART FROM TELLING THE BOSS WE LOST THE GADGETS HIS NEW FRIENDS SUPPLIED, WHAT'S TO WORRY ABOUT?
GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR! WIPE YOUR WINDSHIELD?
OOPS!
AAAGH! HE'S ON THE ROOF!
THAT'S RIGHT! I'M ON THE ROOF, AND YOU KNOW WHAT? IT'S REALLY GREAT UP HERE!
DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT! SEE FOR YOURSELF!
NO, NO! PLEASE! WE'LL CRASH!
HMM... YOU KNOW, YOU'RE RIGHT?!?
THIS TRUCK DOES SEEM TO BE MOVING ERRATICALLY ALL OF A SUDDEN!
YOU WAIT HERE! I'LL GO TALK TO THE DRIVER!
GHHUG!
UH-OH! WAIT A MINUTE! I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING!
AAAGH!!!
...THAT GUY BACK THERE WAS THE DRIVER!
GEE, THAT WAS THOUGHTLESS OF ME!
OH WELL, I GUESS I BETTER GO AND DRAG HIS BUDDY OUT OF THE WRECK SO THAT THEY'RE IN ONE PIECE FOR THE COPS!
OH, I SHOULDN'T CONCERN YOURSELF WITH THEM, ROOF-RUNNER...!
6









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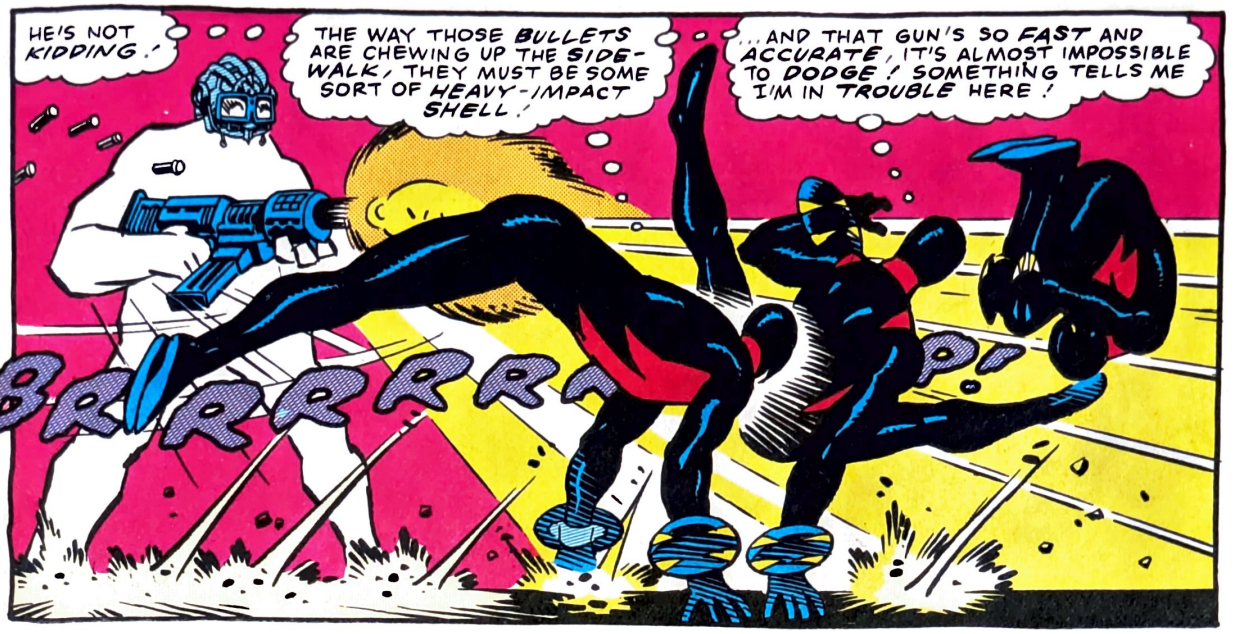
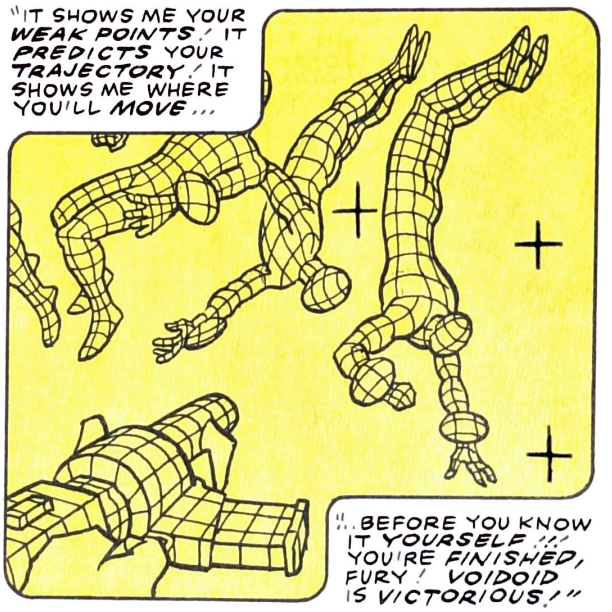
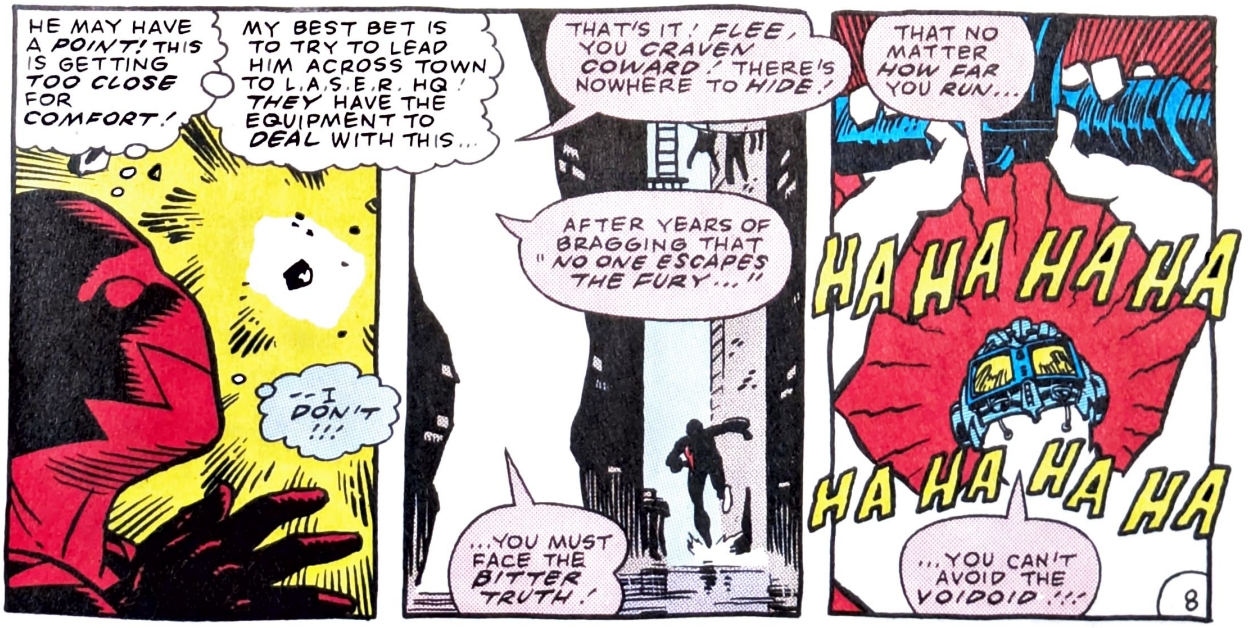
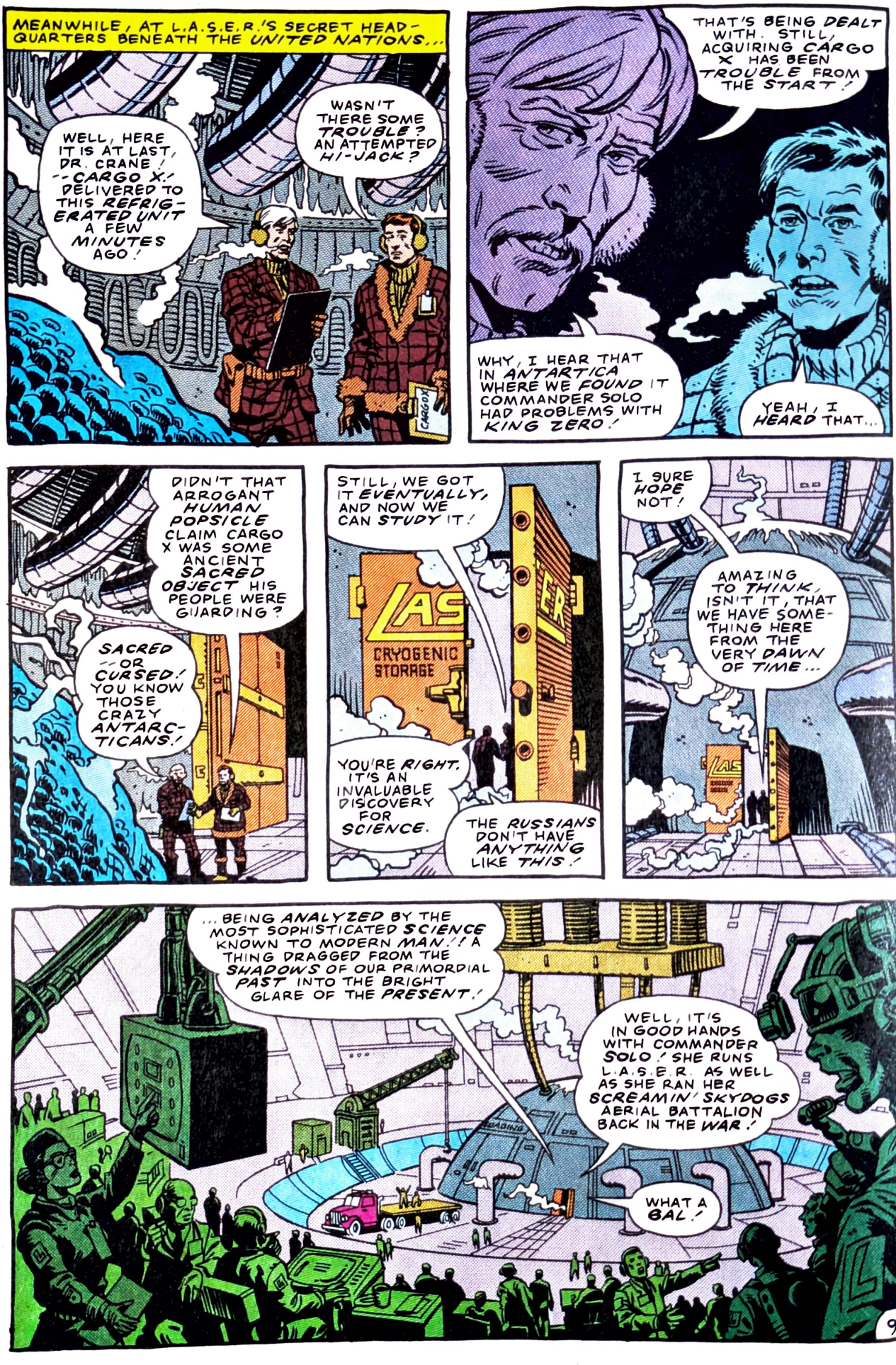

HE'S NOT KIDDING.!
THE WAY THOSE BULLETS ARE CHEWING UP THE SIDE-WALK, THEY MUST BE SOME SORT OF HEAVY-IMPACT SHELL.!
...AND THAT GUN'S SO FAST AND ACCURATE, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO DODGE.! SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M IN TROUBLE HERE.!
BRRRRRR

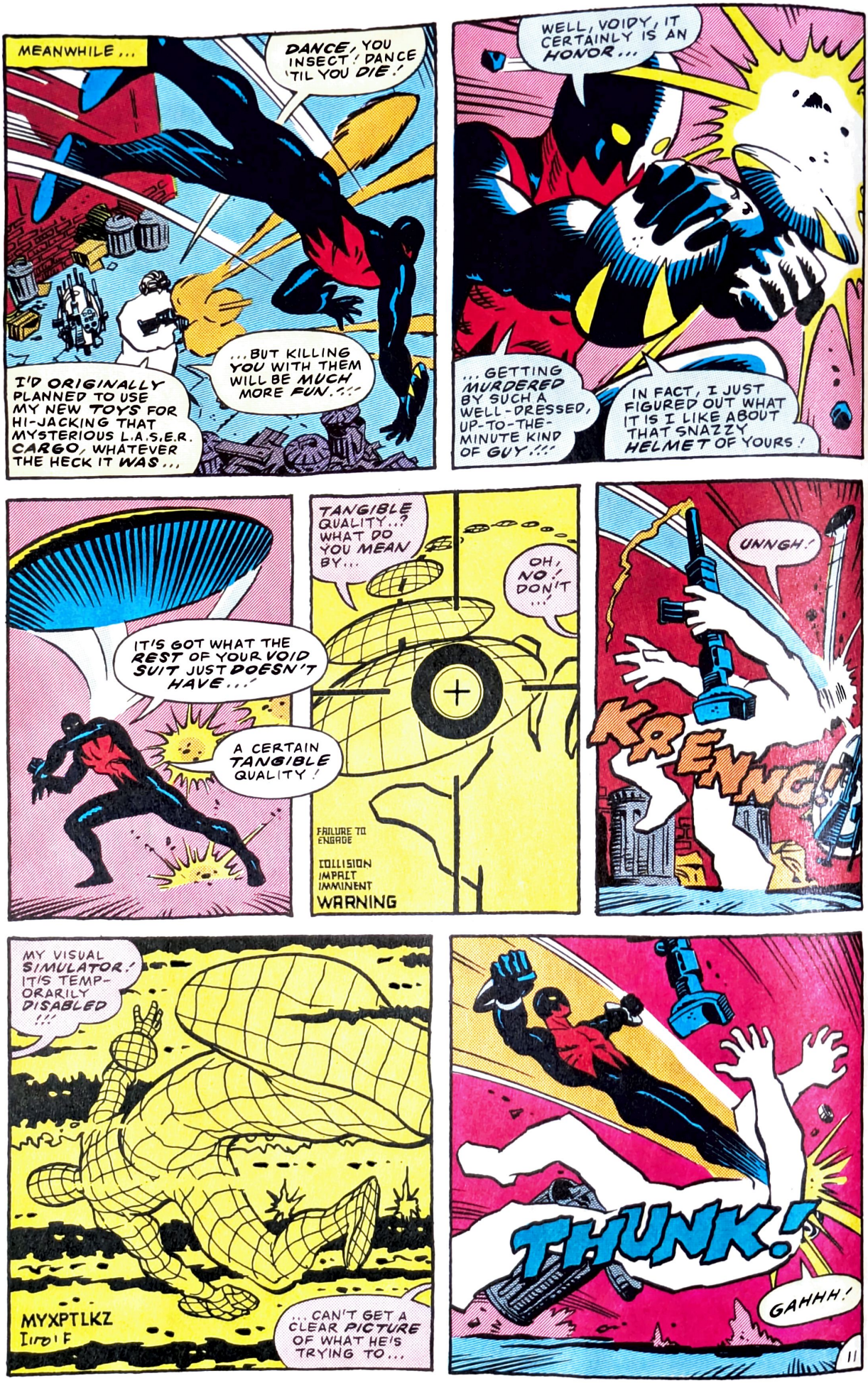
HA HA HA HA! GETTING NERVOUS, MY LITTLE JUMPING JACK? YOU MUST BE WONDERING HOW I'M TRACKING YOUR UNPREDICTABLE MOVEMENTS SO WELL!
TOK!
TOK!
TOK!
THE ANSWER LIES IN THIS REMARKABLE HELMET.!


"IT SHOWS ME YOUR WEAK POINTS.! IT PREDICTS YOUR TRAJECTORY.! IT SHOWS ME WHERE YOU'LL MOVE...
"...BEFORE YOU KNOW IT YOURSELF!!! YOU'RE FINISHED, FURY! VOIDOID IS VICTORIOUS.!"


HE MAY HAVE A POINT! THIS IS GETTING TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT.!
MY BEST BET IS TO TRY TO LEAD HIM ACROSS TOWN TO L.A.S.E.R. HQ! THEY HAVE THE EQUIPMENT TO DEAL WITH THIS...
--I DON'T!!!
THAT'S IT! FLEE, YOU CRAVEN COWARD! THERE'S NOWHERE TO HIDE.!
AFTER YEARS OF BRAGGING THAT "NO ONE ESCAPES THE FURY..."
...YOU MUST FACE THE BITTER TRUTH.!
THAT NO MATTER HOW FAR YOU RUN...
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA
...YOU CAN'T AVOID THE VOIDOID.!!!


MEANWHILE, AT L.A.S.E.R.'S SECRET HEADQUARTERS BENEATH THE UNITED NATIONS...
WELL, HERE IT IS AT LAST, DR. CRANE! --CARGO X.! DELIVERED TO THIS REFRIGERATED UNIT A FEW MINUTES AGO!
WASN'T THERE SOME TROUBLE? AN ATTEMPTED HI-JACK?
CARGO X
THAT'S BEING DEALT WITH. STILL, ACQUIRING CARGO X HAS BEEN TROUBLE FROM THE START!
WHY, I HEAR THAT IN ANTARTICA WHERE WE FOUND IT COMMANDER SOLO HAD PROBLEMS WITH KING ZERO!
YEAH, I HEARD THAT...
DIDN'T THAT ARROGANT HUMAN POPSICLE CLAIM CARGO X WAS SOME ANCIENT SACRED OBJECT HIS PEOPLE WERE GUARDING?
SACRED --OR CURSED! YOU KNOW THOSE CRAZY ANTARCTICANS!
STILL, WE GOT IT EVENTUALLY, AND NOW WE CAN STUDY IT!
CRYOGENIC STORAGE
YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S AN INVALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR SCIENCE.
THE RUSSIANS DON'T HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THIS!
I SURE HOPE NOT!
AMAZING TO THINK, ISN'T IT, THAT WE HAVE SOMETHING HERE FROM THE VERY DAWN OF TIME...
...BEING ANALYZED BY THE MOST SOPHISTICATED SCIENCE KNOWN TO MODERN MAN!! A THING DRAGGED FROM THE SHADOWS OF OUR PRIMORDIAL PAST INTO THE BRIGHT GLARE OF THE PRESENT!
WELL, IT'S IN GOOD HANDS WITH COMMANDER SOLO! SHE RUNS L.A.S.E.R. AS WELL AS SHE RAN HER SCREAMIN' SKYDOGS AERIAL BATTALION BACK IN THE WAR!
WHAT A GAL!
9

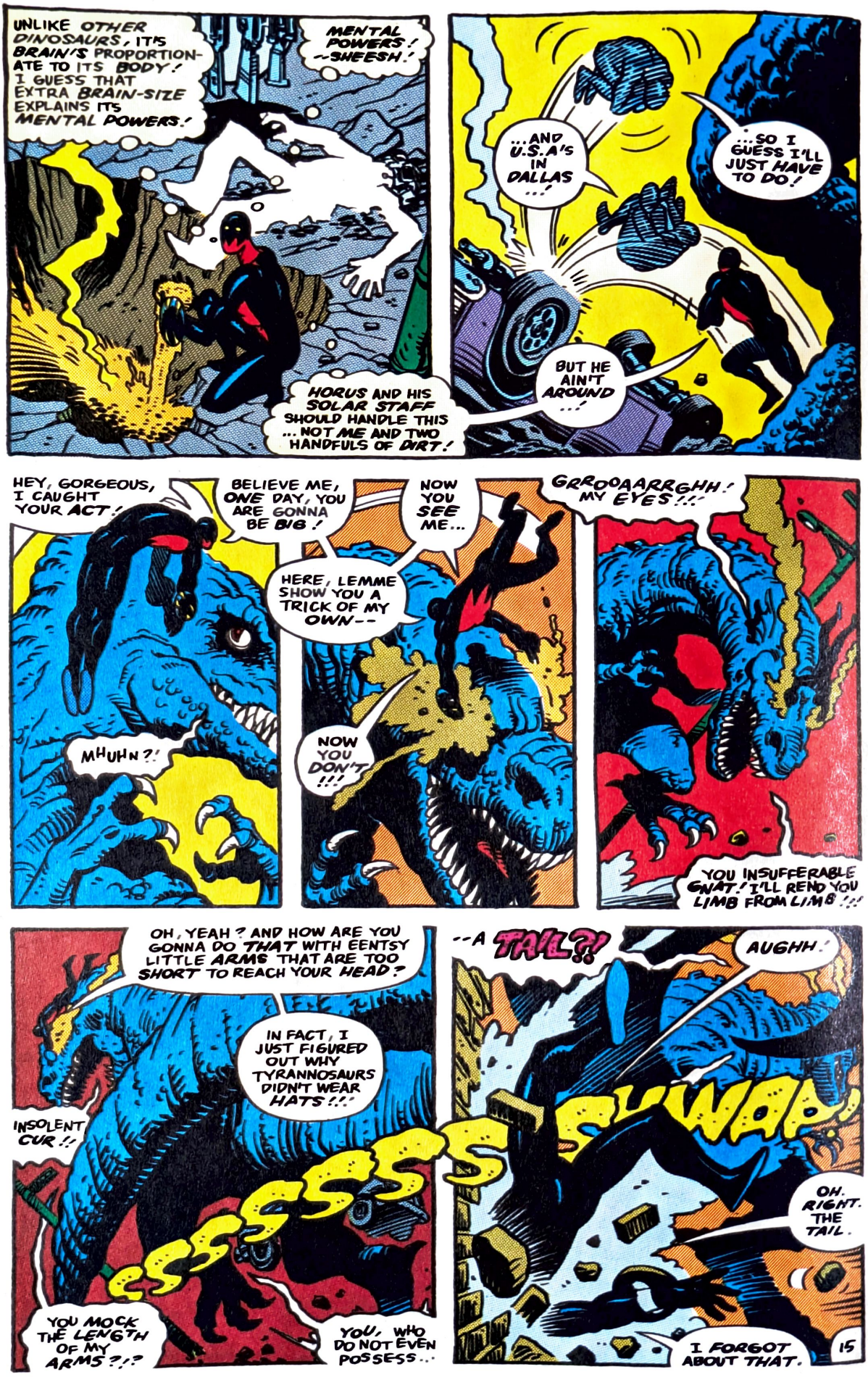
SHE SURE IS.!
SAY, HAVE YOU NOTICED THE DEFORMED CRANIAL STRUCTURE OF THIS SPECIMEN? THE HEAD'S UNUSUALLY LARGE, AND THERE'S SOME KIND OF SUNKEN TUMOR.!
COULD IT HAVE BEEN DISEASED?!?
I DON'T THINK SO, THERE ARE TOO MANY OTHER DIFFERENCES FROM OUR STANDARD ZOOLOGICAL MODEL TO BE ACCOUNTED FOR BY SIMPLE DEFORMITY.!
I MEAN, LOOK AT THAT THUMB.! IT'S OPPOSABLE.!.!.!
HMM... SOME SORT OF MUTATION, PERHAPS?
COULD BE.! WE'LL KNOW WHEN WE'VE HAD A CHANCE TO STUDY IT FURTHER.!
THIS IS A FANTASTIC DISCOVERY, CRANE.! THINK OF ALL THE QUESTIONS IT MIGHT ANSWER FOR US.!
PERHAPS EVEN THE BIGGEST QUESTION OF ALL:
WHAT WAS IT THAT DESTROYED THE DINOSAURS AFTER THEY'D RULED THIS WORLD FOR A HUNDRED MILLION YEARS?
WHAT DESTROYED THE DINOSAURS?
THAT'S EASY...
--I DID!


MEANWHILE...
DANCE, YOU INSECT! DANCE 'TIL YOU DIE!
...BUT KILLING YOU WITH THEM WILL BE MUCH MORE FUN.!!!
I'D ORIGINALLY PLANNED TO USE MY NEW TOYS FOR HI-JACKING THAT MYSTERIOUS L.A.S.E.R. CARGO, WHATEVER THE HECK IT WAS...
WELL, VOIDY, IT CERTAINLY IS AN HONOR...
...GETTING MURDERED BY SUCH A WELL-DRESSED, UP-TO-THE-MINUTE KIND OF GUY.!!!
IN FACT, I JUST FIGURED OUT WHAT IT IS I LIKE ABOUT THAT SNAZZY HELMET OF YOURS!
IT'S GOT WHAT THE REST OF YOUR VOID SUIT JUST DOESN'T HAVE...!
A CERTAIN TANGIBLE QUALITY!
TANGIBLE QUALITY...? WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY...
OH, NO! DON'T...!
FAILURE TO ENGAGE
COLLISION IMPACT IMMINENT
WARNING
UNNGH!
KRENG!
MY VISUAL SIMULATOR! IT'S TEMP-ORARILY DISABLED!!!
MYXPTLKZ
...CAN'T GET A CLEAR PICTURE OF WHAT HE'S TRYING TO...
THUNK!
GAHHH!
11

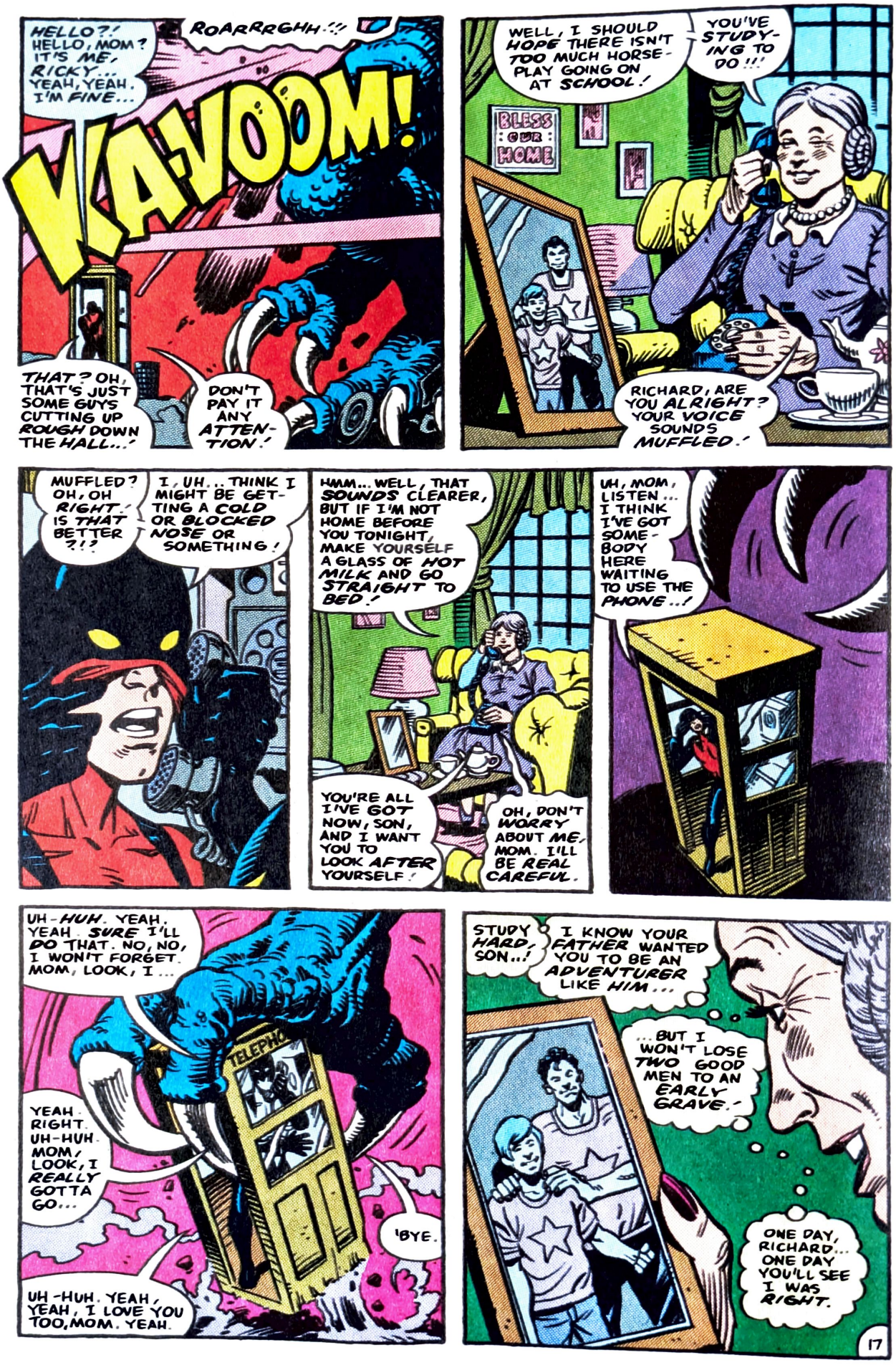
WELL, HOW ABOUT IT, YOU BIG, BLANK BLOWHARD? READY TO CALL IT A DAY?
UNGHH... NEVER !!!
WHY, I HAVEN'T BEGUN TO SHOW YOU WHAT I HAVE IN MY ARSENAL YET !!!
...FOR INSTANCE, THERE'S THIS MARVELLOUS LASER-LANTERN.
UH-OH. LOOKS LIKE I MADE A BIG MISTAKE OFFERING HIM THE CHANCE TO SURRENDER. --THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THAT DOOHICKEY IS CAPABLE OF !!!
THERE. AT THE TOUCH OF A SWITCH I'M SURROUNDED BY PHANTOM LASER-LOOKALIKES !!!
WHICH LEAVES YOU...
...WITH THE PROBLEM...
...OF DECIDING...
...WHICH TO HIT.
OH, BAD LUCK !!!
YOU WERE CLOSE, ROOF-RUNNER...
...VERY CLOSE...
...BUT NO CIGAR.
UNGHH.
HA. WHERE ARE YOUR JOKES NOW? WHERE IS YOUR MOCKERY?!?
WHY, YOU WET-NOSED LITTLE SQUIRT, I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP. I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY. I'LL...
AHHH...
I LIKE THAT IN A SPECIES.
VIOLENCE...
12

IT MAKES THEM SO MUCH MORE APPETIZING, DON'T YOU THINK?
EEEYAGHHH!
HOLY ...!?!

NOW, LET ME SEE... YOU MUST BE SOME SORT OF MAMMALS...
...AM I CORRECT? THAT'S THE WORD I'M PICKING UP FROM YOUR THOUGHTS, ANYWAY!
NO! NO! KEEP AWAY FROM ME!
AND WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE HOLDING? --IT LOOKS FASCINATING! YOU'VE CERTAINLY COME A LONG WAY FROM YOUR RODENT-NESTS, HAVEN'T YOU?!?
STAY BACK! I'M WARNING YOU...!
STOP VOIDOID! IF YOU DON'T MANAGE TO KILL IT OUTRIGHT...
...THEN YOU'LL ONLY MAKE IT MAD!
KZZAAAT!
UH-OH.
RRRAAARGH!
SKRZZAK!
HOLY COW! COULD THAT BE CARGO X?!? A DINOSAUR THAT THINKS AND TALKS?
IF IT IS, IT'S SURE WOKEN UP IN A BAD MOOD!
14


UNLIKE OTHER DINOSAURS, IT'S BRAIN'S PROPORTIONATE TO ITS BODY! I GUESS THAT EXTRA BRAIN-SIZE EXPLAINS ITS MENTAL POWERS!
MENTAL POWERS! --SHEESH!
HORUS AND HIS SOLAR STAFF SHOULD HANDLE THIS ... NOT ME AND TWO HANDFULS OF DIRT!
...AND U.S.A.'S IN DALLAS ...!
BUT HE AIN'T AROUND ...!
...SO I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO DO!
HEY, GORGEOUS, I CAUGHT YOUR ACT!
MHUHN?!
BELIEVE ME, ONE DAY, YOU ARE GONNA BE BIG!
HERE, LEMME SHOW YOU A TRICK OF MY OWN--
NOW YOU SEE ME...
NOW YOU DON'T!!!
GRROOAARRGHH! MY EYES!!!
YOU INSUFFERABLE GNAT! I'LL REND YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!!!
OH, YEAH? AND HOW ARE YOU GONNA DO THAT WITH EENTSY LITTLE ARMS THAT ARE TOO SHORT TO REACH YOUR HEAD?
IN FACT, I JUST FIGURED OUT WHY TYRANNOSAURS DIDN'T WEAR HATS!!!
INSOLENT CUR!!
SSSSSSSSS
YOU MOCK THE LENGTH OF MY ARMS?!?
YOU, WHO DO NOT EVEN POSSESS...
--A TAIL?!
AUGHH!
SLWAP!
OH. RIGHT. THE TAIL.
I FORGOT ABOUT THAT.

YOU SOFT-BODIED RODENTS DISGUST ME! YOU'RE SO EASY TO KILL!
AT LEAST THE STEGOSAURUS AND THE TRICERATOPS PUT UP A FIGHT WHEN THEY REALIZED THEY HAD A KILLER MUTANT IN THEIR MIDST!
UNGHH... GOT TO GET UP...!
I WON'T EVEN WASTE A BRAIN-BOLT ON YOU..!
INSTEAD, I'LL FEEL YOUR THIN BONES CRUNCH BENEATH MY HEEL... THEN WIPE YOU FROM MY CLAWS... YOU AND YOUR WORTHLESS RACE ALIKE!
CAN'T ...MOVE FAST ENOUGH...!
THIS IS IT!
GRAAAGH!!!
KA-THOOM!
OKAY, PTERADACTYL BREATH! LISTEN UP, 'CAUSE I'M ONLY GONNA SAY THIS ONCE...!
...LEAVE THE KID ALONE!!!
OKAY, MEN--ATTACK FORMATION DELTA-SEVEN! THIS SHOCK THEATRE REJECT ESCAPED FROM OUR FREEZER, SO IT'S OUR JOB TO PUT HIM BACK THERE!
SOLO
FIRE AT WILL!!!
WHEW!
THANK HEAVENS I'VE GOT COMMANDER SOLO TO PULL MY FAT OUT OF THE FIRE! IT'S KINDA LIKE HAVING A COMMANDO-MOM! SHE'S...
TELEPHONE
OMIGOSH! MOM!!! I ALMOST FORGOT!
CONSTRUCT
I PROMISED I'D CALL HER DURING RECESS AND IT'S ALMOST ONE-THIRTY!
GEE, I SURE HOPE I'M NOT IN TROUBLE OR ANYTHING!
16



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

SENSATIONAL SIXTY-THREE SWEATSHOP SECTION! SENSATIONAL SIXTY-THREE SWEATSHOP SECTION!
A CAPRICIOUS CAVALCADE OF CONTRADICTORY COMMUNIQUES FROM THE CRADLE OF CREATIVITY!!

ITEM! You can bet that the shambling shower of Sixty-Three sentence-servers were surprised as all heck when they returned to the stultifying sweatshop after lunch last week only to find that a certain surreptitious somebody had left a moderately mysterious message for them while they were out! Once we'd unwrapped it from around the brick and swept up all the glass, this is what it said: "Dear odious junk-bond disseminating market-adventurists! We expectorate upon you and your picayune, disingenuous oeuvre! We vituperate your venality! We anathematize your Babbitry and nauseating nephelococcygia! Now you die, Euro-trash scumheads!! Yours cordially. Gary Groth and Kim Thompson." Well, as you can guess, this moving missive gave us a kinda lump in our throats, whatever it means, and we'd like to take this opportunity to say a big "Hi!" to GREGARIOUS GARY and KISSABLE KIM, who, as head honchos at fearless FANTAGRAPHICS, publish some of the very best books on the market today. Whether it be EIGHTBALL by DREAMY DAN CLOWES, HATE by PERKY PETER BAGGE or LOVE & ROCKETS by GLAMOROUS GILBERT and HUNKY JAIME HERNANDEZ, our most senior and slightly superannuated Sixty-Three-ites are sure to stumble upon a scintillating shower of superlative story-telling if they should stray in to the sublime strait supervised by these stalwart standard-bearers! Say no more!

ITEM! Ever since we announced the definitively desirable DOUBLE IMAGE EIGHTY-PAGE GIANT ANNUAL last month, our desks have been drowned beneath a deluge of swinging, snappy SUICIDE NOTES from you, our distraught disciples, threatening to snuff out the small, sputtering spark of sensibility by suffocating yourselves in a decidedly dangerous Mylar snug if we don't reveal more about this millennial milestone in the march towards magnificence! Well, don't do it, devoted ones! Let us lift the life-threatening Lynch-rope of longing from about your larynx by letting you in upon the lollapalooza of a lifetime! You remember how last ish we rousingly revealed that our ecstacy-engendering EIGHTY-PAGER would feature not one, not two, not half a dozen but ALL of our awesome action adventurers in one vaulting, vainglorious volume?? And how we roguishly REFRAINED from revealing the remarkable roll-call of RIVALS that our refreshingly retrograde roster of rascals would be running INTO?? Well, traveller, now the tale can be told! JOHNNY BEYOND, THE FURY, MYSTERY INCORPORATED and the TOMORROW SYNDICATE will be locking horns with none other than following farrago of fabulous foes: THE SAVAGE DRAGON! SHADOWHAWK! SPAWN! SUPREME! WILDC.A.T.S! And, last but not least, YOUNGBLOOD! If THAT isn't the doozy of the decade, we're danged if we can decide what IS! So, since we've satisfied your search for certainty, let's have no more snivelings about such scary subjects as self-sacrifice! It just isn't worth it, wayfarers...at least, not until you've checked in here NEXT month to get clued in on the cataclysmic cast of crowd-pleasing CREATORS that we've convened to CRAFT this cornucopia of comic-book culture!! Who SAYS these aren't the Sixty-Three salad-days of seductive sell-through??!

THE SHAMELESS SIXTY-THREE SHOPPING LIST!!
A Month-by-Month Memorandum of Must-have Merchandise!!

APRIL: MYSTERY INCORPORATED face "MAYHEM ON MYSTERY MILE" as their own underground headquarters turns upon them!! See NEON QUEEN, CRYSTALMAN, KID DYNAMO and the ever-popular PLANET as they battle the bewildering BACKWARDS BANDIT in another contemporary classic from the Imprint of Inspiration!!

MAY: Both the fearsome FURY and the vengeful VOIDOID find out what happens "WHEN WAKES THE WAR BEAST!!" Not only does this immaculate issue introduce a startling new super-foe for our troubled tower-block tracker, it also features a guest appearance by the stunning SKY SOLO, LADY FROM L.A.S.E.R.! This is one that you can't afford to miss!

JUNE: TALES OF THE UNCANNY offers you not one, but TWO of your favorite action heroes in one pulse-pounding package!! First up to bat we have U.S.A., the Ultimate Special Agent as he tangles with the repulsive RED BRAIN during a "DOUBLE DEAL IN DALLAS!!" And as if THAT weren't enough, the hardly-human HYPERNAUT tackles a fascinating fourth-dimensional foe, only to learn that "IT CAME FROM HIGHER SPACE!!" Wait till you see this one!!

JULY: TALES FROM BEYOND features another double-header! Not only must everyone's favorite ground-zero goliath THE UNBELIEVABLE N-MAN clash with the crafty COMRADE COCKROACH as they stage a "SHOWDOWN IN THE SHIMMERING ZONE", but that swingingest of sorcerers JOHNNY BEYOND must ferret out the fantastic facts about "FLIPSVILLE"...or be lost in the attempt!! Your summer won't be complete without it!!

AUGUST: It's magic and mythology all the way as HORUS, LORD OF LIGHT, faces the greatest challenge of his immortal life, with only "TWELVE HOURS TO DAWN!!" All our hawk-helmeted hero has to do is pilot RA, King of the Gods, through the legendary Twelve Hours Of The Night...with only a mere mortal for company!! Sounds easy? Not if the sinister SET and his animalistic ally ANUBIS have any say in the matter!! Be here for a mythical milestone of mind-boggling magnificence, all delivered in the sure-fire sixty-three style!!

SEPTEMBER: Everybody knows that THE TOMORROW SYNDICATE are the greatest heroes of all time: U.S.A., THE HYPERNAUT, INFRA-MAN, INFRA-GIRL, HORUS and the UNBELIEVABLE N-MAN! But what if they had to go BEYOND time and even SPACE ITSELF in order to decipher the disturbing disappearance of MYSTERY INCORPORATED? What if they had to venture "FROM HERE TO ALTERNITY??" For Golden Age fans, this issue reintroduces the valiant VICTORY VANGUARD and introduces the tumultuous terror of THE TOMORROW GANG! Start saving those pennies now!

AL'S AMPHITHEATER!!
(IN WHICH OUR SOFTLY-SPOKEN SUPREMO SALVES THE SENSITIVE SOULS OF HIS SUBJECTS WITH A STRAIGHT-SHOOTING SERMON STEEPED IN SENSE, SOBRIETY AND SOULFULNESS!!!)

Well, it's that time of the month again, Sahib, so pull up a stump and hunker down! The affable one is about to administer another ample amount of arresting advice to you, his adoring audience! This time around, I plan to pepper the population with a persuasive pageant of ponderings and postulations upon the pitfalls and problems pertaining to planetary peace! In a world both worn and wearied by worrisome whispers of war, wayfarers, I shall weave warm-hearted words into a wondrous web of worldliness and wisdom! As a very great man other than me once proclaimed, "War is heck!" And wasn't it William Shakespeare, the balding, bearded, big-hearted Bard of Avon himself who said, "War! Uh! Good God, y'all! What is it good for? Absolutely nothin'!"?? And yet still, in spite of these sterling statements, our striving, screwball species struggles under the spooky shadow of senseless savagery, slaughter and suffering! Sheesh!! Although I myself was tragically unable to serve my country during the last war due to fallen arches, temporary citizenship of Switzerland and sworn affidavits from three doctors attesting that I like to dress up as a woman, seldom does a decade go by when I don't get gummy-eyed about those gallant guys and gals who gave their gore, their guts and their good will that they might make this world a safer place to read comic books in! I guess it's in their memory that we publish SKY SOLO AND HER SCREAMING SKY-DOGS every month, in order to hammer home the hard-hitting, honestly-held homily that NOBODY PROFITS FROM WAR, a point we've been persistently proving with best-selling, big-bucks paeans to pacifism like the critically-congratulated classic, "FRY THE KRAUTS ON PASSION BRIDGE!" from SKY SOLO #11.

Furthermore, it's a point that is particularly pertinent to the pre-atomic predicament of our present period! Imagine festering with your folks in a faintly-lit fall-out shelter, miserably marking off month after month of missed masterpieces from the Mansion of Magnificence!! Picture pacing patiently in a powdery precipitation of plutonium, pitifully praying that your monstrously mutated mailman won't manage to misdirect this month's MYSTERY INCORPORATED due to a mushroom-clouded mental malfunction! Not a pretty thought, is it? Surely, only a backward and base-hearted bunch of barely-human barbarians would ever willingly wage war upon a cultured and cultivated country of comic consumers, as opposed to, say, some second-rate socialist set-up of subhuman stooges where serialized super-hero sagas are sadly seldom seen. Like Russia, for example. Y'see, world peace is a tough topic, and a lot of folk have firm feelings about it. It's like our steadfast security organizer KUDDLY KLAUS SHRECK said to me just before he left for a Youth-Hostelling holiday in Paraguay: "War? What war? I was not in any war! I am not German! I am Dutch! The name Martin Borman means nothing to me! Nothing!" What Klaus was trying to say in his own funny, faintly foreign fashion was "What if they gave a war and nobody came because they were all at home reading THE UNBELIEVABLE N-MAN?" Sounds like a motto to live by, travellers...at least until this time next month when I'll be considering the most cuticle-crunching conundrum of them all: Is there a God, and, if so, what kind of comics does He read? See you then, Sahib! Be sure to see it's Sixty-Three!!

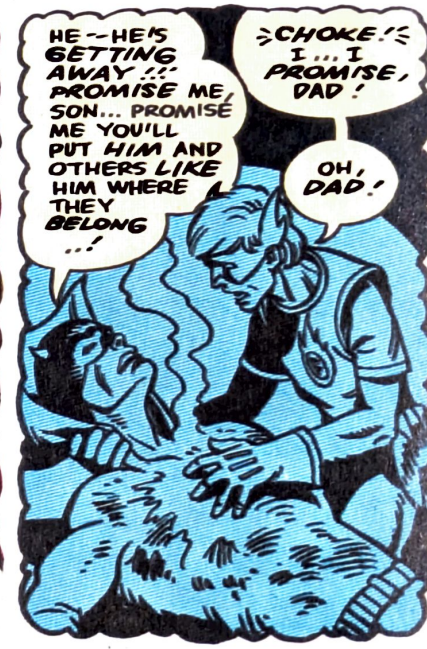
Excalibur!

RAAAARGHHHH!
Y'KNOW, I'M START-ING TO THINK MOM WAS RIGHT! I SHOULD STOP LYING TO HER, GO BACK TO SCHOOL...
SKASH!
...AND LEAVE THIS TO THE PROFESS-IONALS!
DOC CENTIPEDE OR THE DUNE I CAN HANDLE, BUT DINO-SAURS?

I MEAN, THOSE OTHER HEROES HAVE SPECIAL POWERS! NOT ME! I COULD GET KILLED! LIKE...
LIKE DAD! I-I REMEMBER THAT LAST MISSION TOGETHER AS THE FIGHTIN' FURY AND FIREBALL!
...WE'D CORNERED THE SINISTER SQUID...

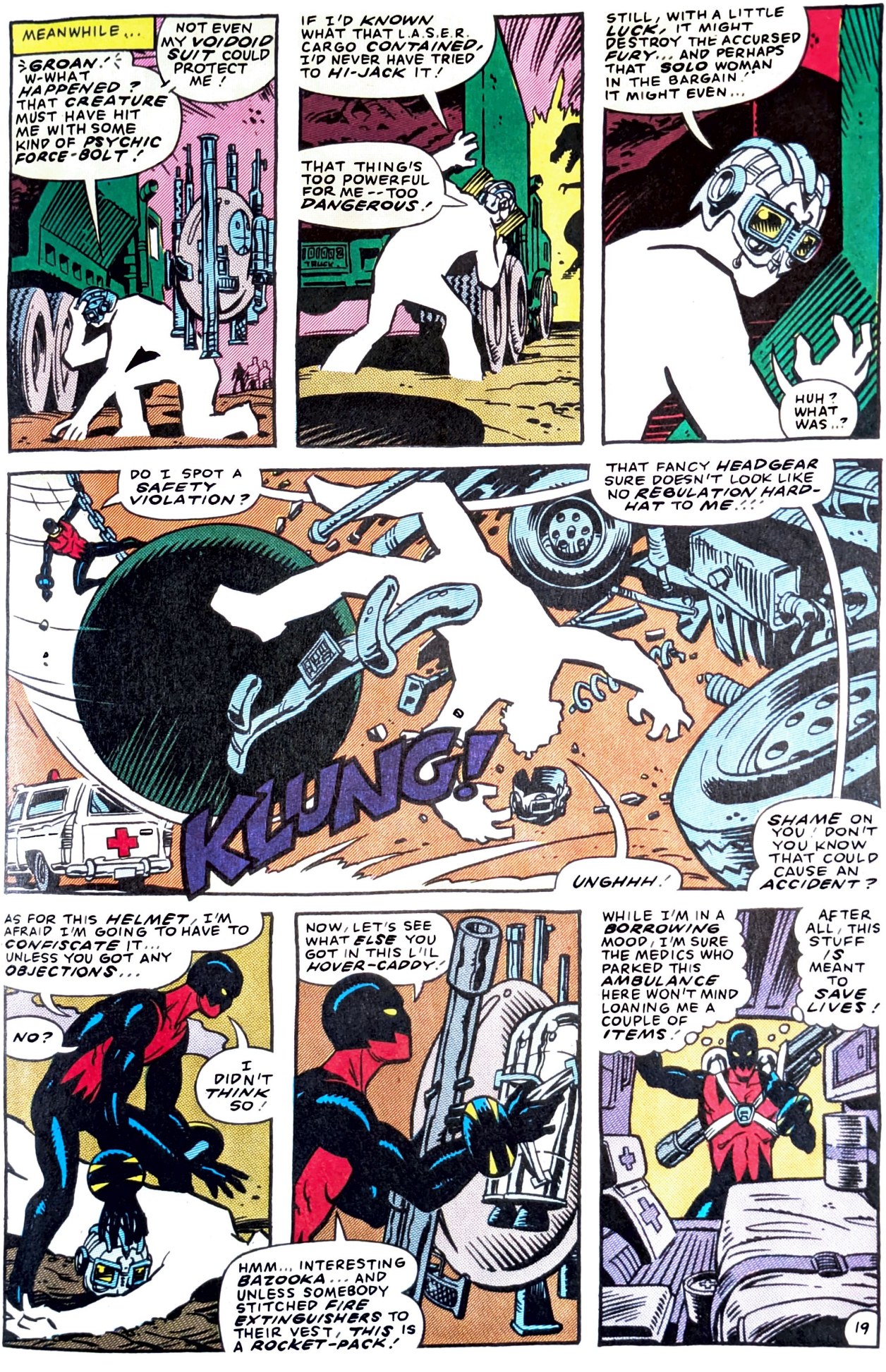
CURSE YOU, FURY! YOU MAY HAVE STOPPED ME FROM STEALING AMERICA'S A-BOMB SECRETS, BUT YOU WON'T PREVENT MY ESCAPE!
DAD, LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!!!

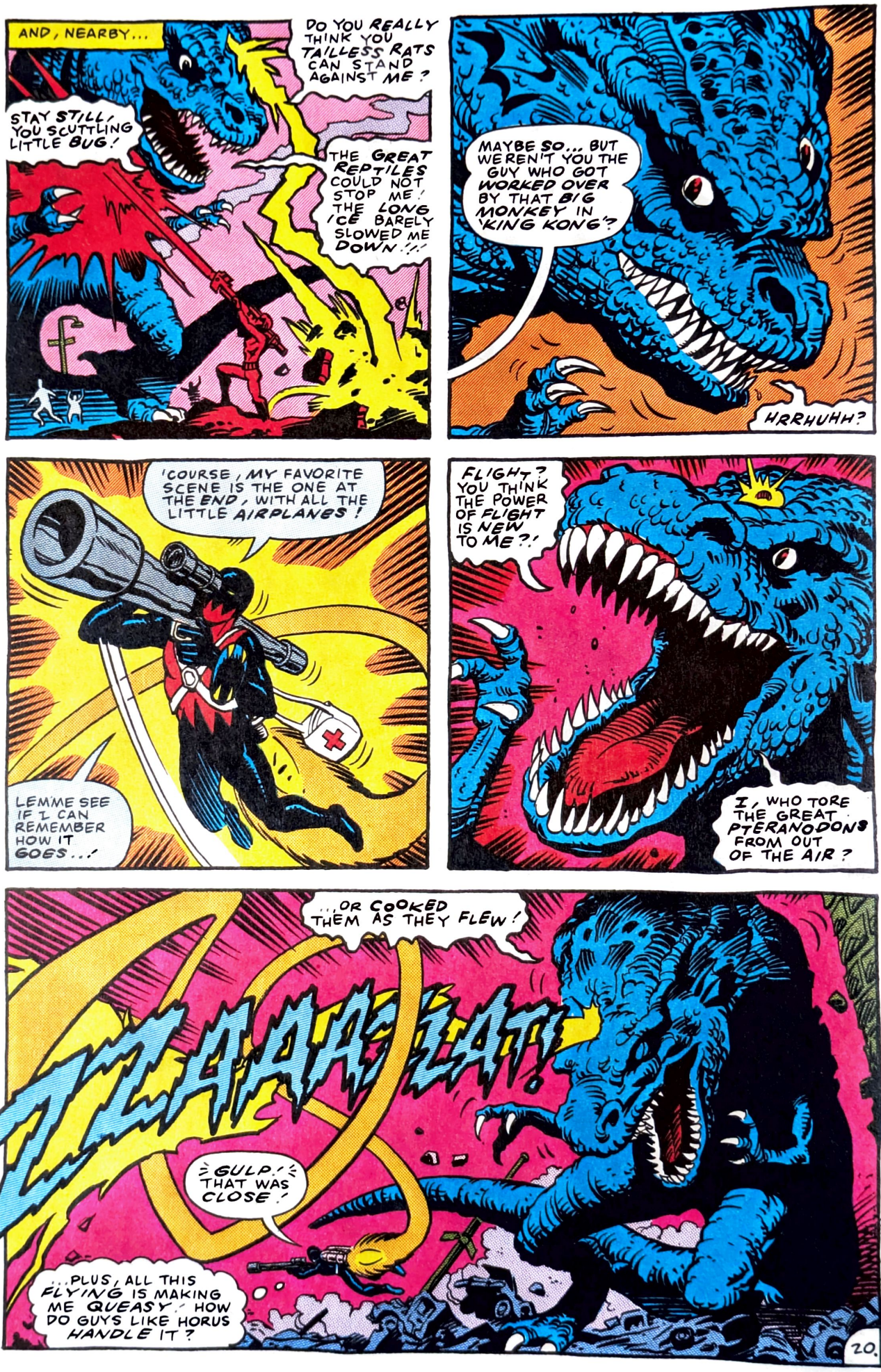
YOU'RE RIGHT, FIREBALL!
ZFRAZF!
CAN'T LET HIM HIT YOU! I ...UNG-HH!
DAD! DAD... NOOOO!!!

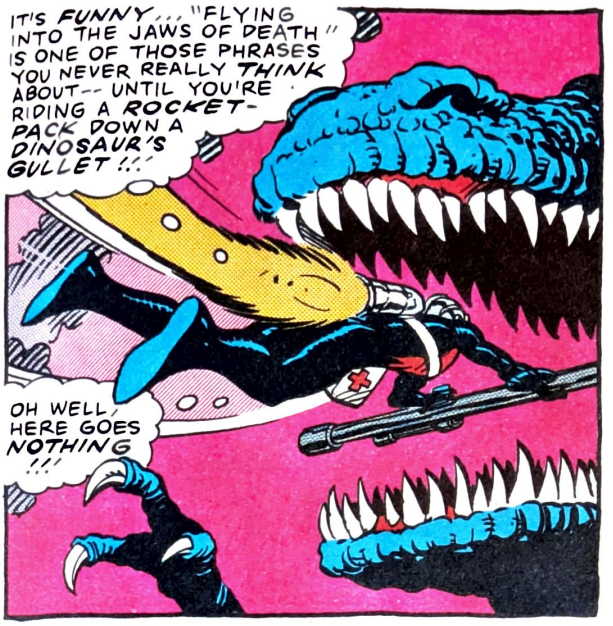

HE--HE'S GETTING AWAY!!! PROMISE ME, SON... PROMISE ME YOU'LL PUT HIM AND OTHERS LIKE HIM WHERE THEY BELONG...!
>CHOKE!< I... I PROMISE, DAD!
OH, DAD!

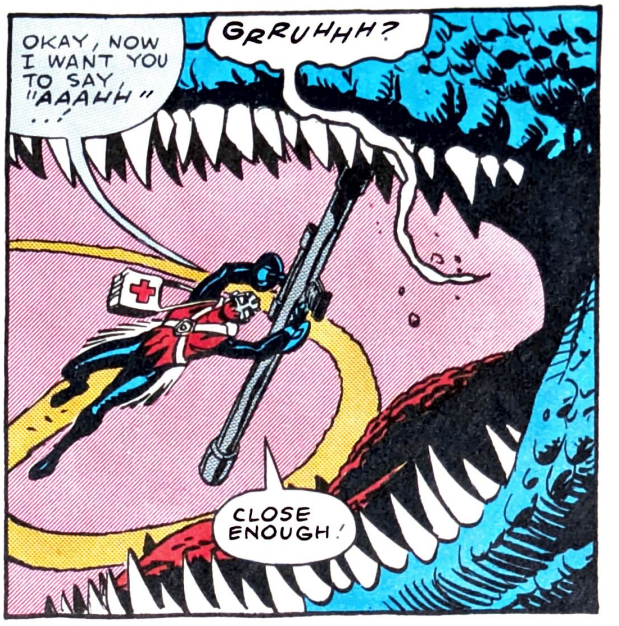
OH, DAD. HOW COULD I FORGET MY PROMISE TO YOU? YOU GAVE YOUR LIFE FOR ME, AND IN RETURN I GAVE MY LIFE TO YOUR CAUSE ...THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE.
FORGIVE ME, DAD!

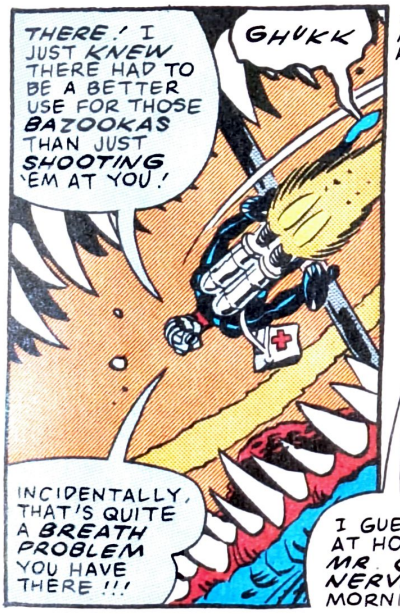
...AND THANKS FOR HELPING ME! NOW I KNOW WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO...
...AND WHO I'VE GOT TO DO IT TO!!!


MEANWHILE...
NOT EVEN MY VOIDOID SUIT COULD PROTECT ME!
>GROAN.< W-WHAT HAPPENED? THAT CREATURE MUST HAVE HIT ME WITH SOME KIND OF PSYCHIC FORCE-BOLT!
IF I'D KNOWN WHAT THAT L.A.S.E.R. CARGO CONTAINED, I'D NEVER HAVE TRIED TO HI-JACK IT!
THAT THING'S TOO POWERFUL FOR ME--TOO DANGEROUS!
STILL, WITH A LITTLE LUCK, IT MIGHT DESTROY THE ACCURSED FURY... AND PERHAPS THAT SOLO WOMAN IN THE BARGAIN! IT MIGHT EVEN...
HUH? WHAT WAS..?
DO I SPOT A SAFETY VIOLATION?
KLUNG!
THAT FANCY HEADGEAR SURE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE NO REGULATION HARD-HAT TO ME!!!
SHAME ON YOU! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT COULD CAUSE AN ACCIDENT?
UNGHHH!
AS FOR THIS HELMET, I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CONFISCATE IT... UNLESS YOU GOT ANY OBJECTIONS...
NO?
I DIDN'T THINK SO!
NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT ELSE YOU GOT IN THIS L'IL HOVER-CADDY!
HMM... INTERESTING BAZOOKA... AND UNLESS SOMEBODY STITCHED FIRE EXTINGUISHERS TO THEIR VEST, THIS IS A ROCKET-PACK!
WHILE I'M IN A BORROWING MOOD, I'M SURE THE MEDICS WHO PARKED THIS AMBULANCE HERE WON'T MIND LOANING ME A COUPLE OF ITEMS!
AFTER ALL, THIS STUFF IS MEANT TO SAVE LIVES!
19

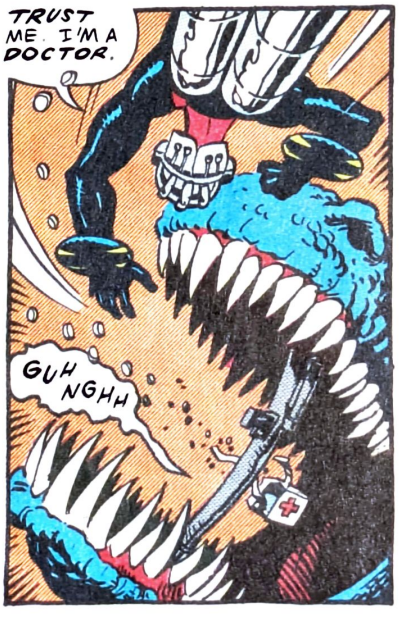

AND, NEARBY...
STAY STILL, YOU SCUTTLING LITTLE BUG!
DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU TAILLESS RATS CAN STAND AGAINST ME?
THE GREAT REPTILES COULD NOT STOP ME! THE LONG ICE BARELY SLOWED ME DOWN!!!
MAYBE SO... BUT WEREN'T YOU THE GUY WHO GOT WORKED OVER BY THAT BIG MONKEY IN 'KING KONG'?
HRRHUHH?
'COURSE, MY FAVORITE SCENE IS THE ONE AT THE END, WITH ALL THE LITTLE AIRPLANES!
LEMME SEE IF I CAN REMEMBER HOW IT GOES...!
FLIGHT? YOU THINK THE POWER OF FLIGHT IS NEW TO ME?!
I, WHO TORE THE GREAT PTERANODONS FROM OUT OF THE AIR?
...OR COOKED THEM AS THEY FLEW!
ZLEEAAA-ZAT!
GULP! THAT WAS CLOSE!
...PLUS, ALL THIS FLYING IS MAKING ME QUEASY! HOW DO GUYS LIKE HORUS HANDLE IT?
20.

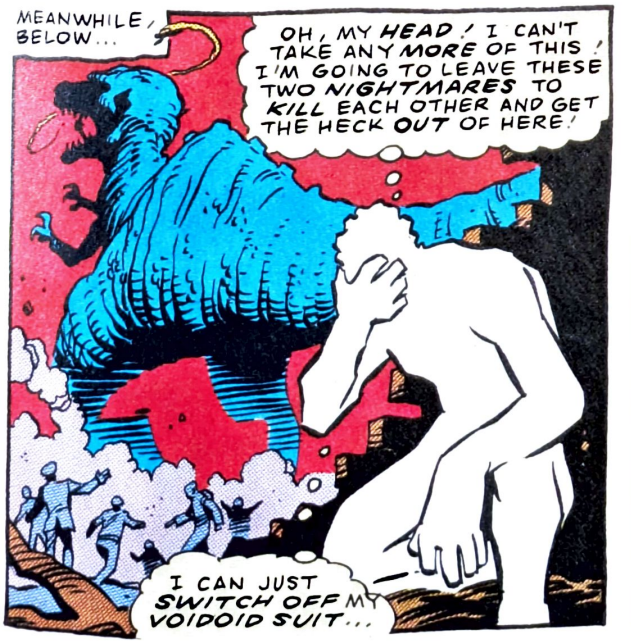

IT'S FUNNY... "FLYING INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH" IS ONE OF THOSE PHRASES YOU NEVER REALLY THINK ABOUT-- UNTIL YOU'RE RIDING A ROCKET-PACK DOWN A DINOSAUR'S GULLET!!!
OH WELL, HERE GOES NOTHING!!!


OKAY, NOW I WANT YOU TO SAY "AAAHH"...
GRRUHHH?
CLOSE ENOUGH!

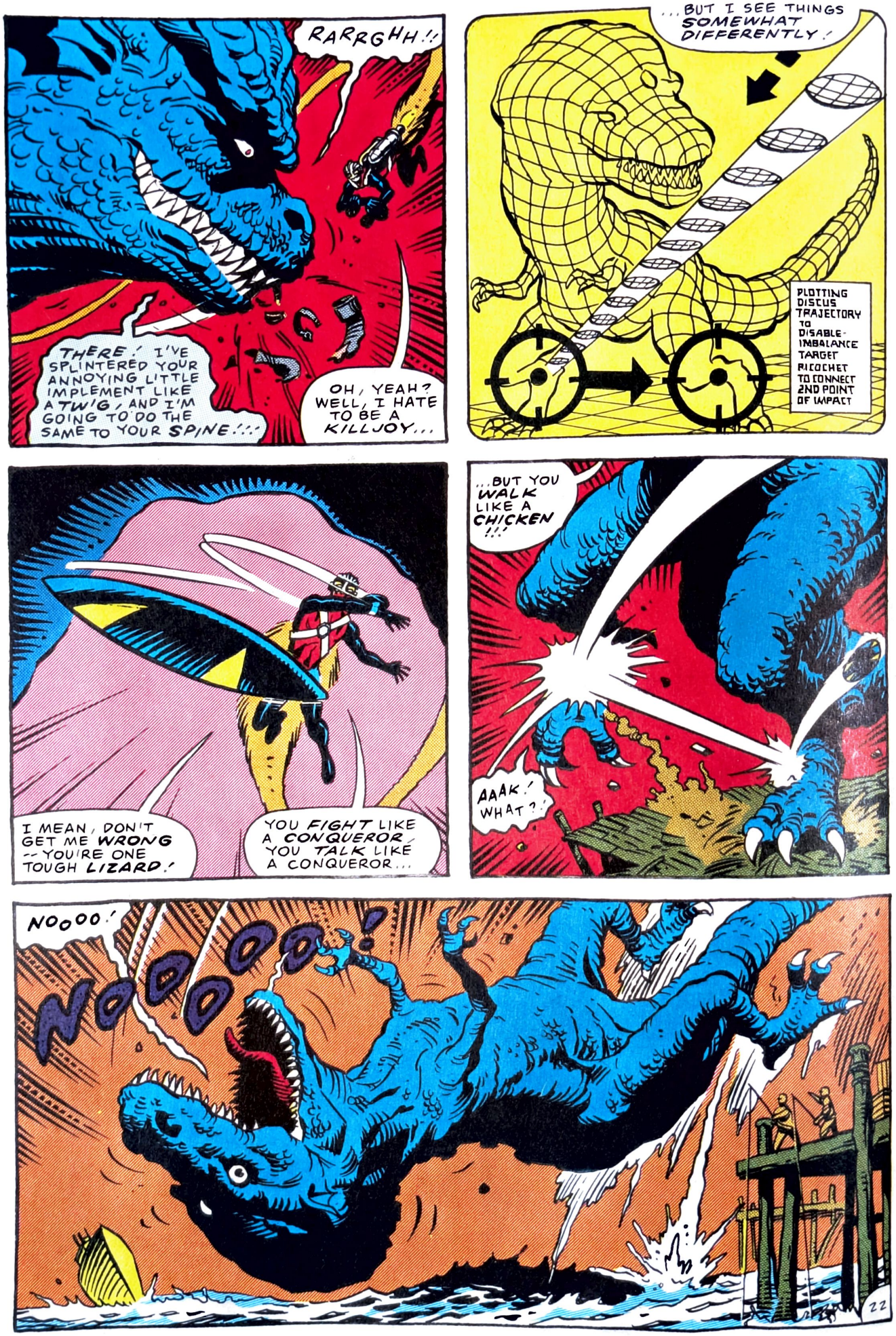

THERE! I JUST KNEW THERE HAD TO BE A BETTER USE FOR THOSE BAZOOKAS THAN JUST SHOOTING 'EM AT YOU!
GHUKK
INCIDENTALLY, THAT'S QUITE A BREATH PROBLEM YOU HAVE THERE!!!

AND TALK ABOUT TENSE AND HOSTILE!
I GUESS WE'RE AT HOME TO MR. COFFEE NERVES THIS MORNING, HUH?
WELL, DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT THE VERY THING RIGHT HERE!


TRUST ME. I'M A DOCTOR.
GUH NGHH


MEANWHILE, BELOW...
OH, MY HEAD! I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE OF THIS! I'M GOING TO LEAVE THESE TWO NIGHTMARES TO KILL EACH OTHER AND GET THE HECK OUT OF HERE!
I CAN JUST SWITCH OFF MY VOIDOID SUIT...

...AND BECOME SOMEBODY NO ONE WOULD LOOK TWICE AT...
SOMEBODY CLOSER TO THE FURY THAN HE COULD EVER DREAM!

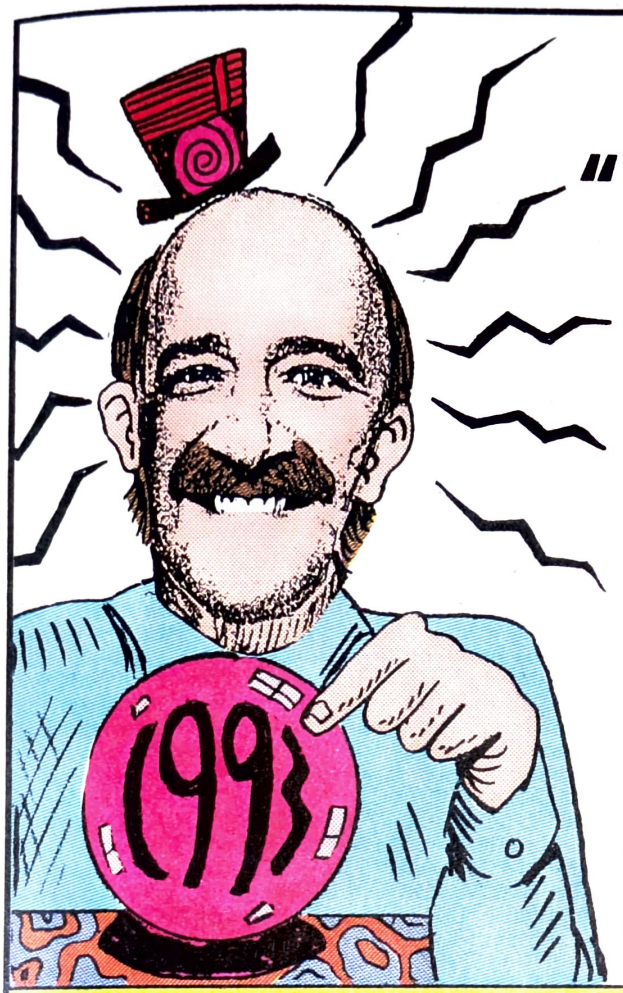

RARRGHH!!
THERE! I'VE SPLINTERED YOUR ANNOYING LITTLE IMPLEMENT LIKE A TWIG, AND I'M GOING TO DO THE SAME TO YOUR SPINE!!!
OH, YEAH? WELL, I HATE TO BE A KILLJOY...
...BUT I SEE THINGS SOMEWHAT DIFFERENTLY.
PLOTTING DISCUS TRAJECTORY TO DISABLE-IMBALANCE TARGET RICOCHET TO CONNECT 2ND POINT OF IMPACT
I MEAN, DON'T GET ME WRONG -- YOU'RE ONE TOUGH LIZARD!
YOU FIGHT LIKE A CONQUEROR, YOU TALK LIKE A CONQUEROR...
...BUT YOU WALK LIKE A CHICKEN!!!
AAAK! WHAT?!
NOOOO!
NOOOOO!
22

HOLY COW! I HEARD THEY WAS DUMPING A LOTTA CRUD IN THE EAST RIVER...
SPLUSH!
...BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
NICE WORK, KID! WHEN IT COMES TO SWIMMING, THAT CRITTER SURE AIN'T NO JOHNNY WEISSMULLER!!!
PROBLEM IS, GETTING NEAR ENOUGH TO TRUSS 'IM UP!
DON'T WORRY, COMMANDER...
...I SLUNG ENOUGH MEDICATION DOWN HIS THROAT TO SEDATE A CITY BLOCK!
YOU'RE RIGHT! HE'S SLEEPING LIKE A BABY! LET'S COMANDEER SOME CRANES...
...AND GET HIM BACK WHERE HE BELONGS!
SHORTLY...
THERE! IF THE FREEZING AND MEGA-MANACLES DON'T HOLD HIM, THE CONSTANT DRIP OF ELEPHANT TRANQUILIZERS WILL!!
I'D SURE HATE TO KNOW WHAT HE'S DREAMIN' ABOUT!
I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT THE VOIDOID AND THESE FANTASTIC WEAPONS HE WAS USING!!!
YEAH! WHERE IN BLAZES DID HE GET 'EM? IT'S GONNA BE A FEW YEARS BEFORE EVEN L.A.S.E.R. DEVELOPS HARDWARE LIKE THAT!
HMM...IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL BORROW THESE, THERE'S AN EXPERT I'D LIKE TO HAVE LOOK AT THEM...!
LATER, AT THE LABS OF DR. KENT KANE...
...AND THAT'S THE STORY, DR. KANE! I WONDERED IF AMERICA'S LEADING MICRO-PHYSICIST COULD TELL ME WHERE THESE GADGETS CAME FROM!
WELL, IF MISS MASON AND I CAN'T ANSWER THAT...

NEXT ISSUE: BE HERE IN THIRTY DAYS, TRAVELLER, WHEN U.S.A. DECIPHERS A "DOUBLE DEAL IN DALLAS" AND THE HURTLING HYPERNAUT LEARNS THAT "IT CAME FROM HIGHER SPACE", ALL IN TALES OF THE UNCANNY! -- SAY NO MORE!

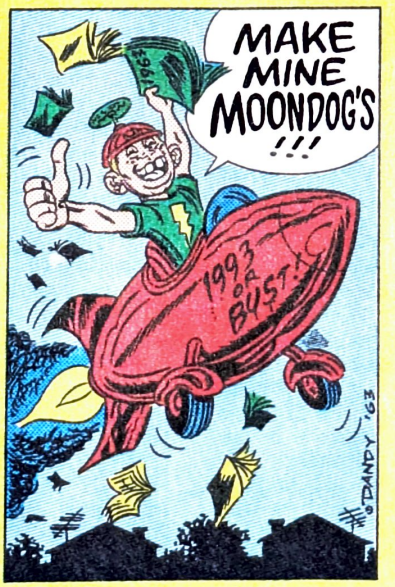
The Mighty Mystical Moondog predicts...

"In The Future There Will Be Stores That Sell Nothing But Comic Books!"



"Yes it's true!" says noted American comic book fan and psychic, **The Mighty Mystical Moondog**. "The kids of the 1990s will be fortunate enough to buy all their favorite comic books at stores like mine, **Moondog's.**"

"Imagine a world, where kids won't have to peddle their bicycles all over town, trudging from drugstore to dime store, frantically in search of their favorite comics. I, **The Mighty Mystical Moondog,** predict that in the 1990s kids will be able to hop onto their atomic powered copter-bikes and varoom over to a **Moondog's** store and find the widest, deepest array of comics imaginable. **THERE WILL BE HUNDREDS OF TITLES IN EACH MOONDOG'S STORE!** Plus, the lucky kids of the future will find trading cards, model kits, unusual toys & figurines, plus, stuff that hasn't even been invented yet like role-playing games, and video & audio tapes!"



Money Making Opportunities In The Future By Saving Old Comics!

The Mighty Mystical Moondog goes on to predict, "In the future smart fellows will be able to make money by selling their old comics! In fact if you carefully save the very comic you hold in your hand and store it in a cool, dark dry place chances are excellent that your comics from 1963 could be worth $1,000 dollars or more by 1993!"

You owe it to yourself to shop at **Moondog's** but you'll have to be patient. Our first store won't open until 1978 but by 1993 there will be six conveniently located Chicagoland **Moondog's.**

MOONDOG'S

We'll Be Worth Waiting For!

Chicago
Ford City Mall
79th and Cicero Aves.
(312) 581-6060

Chicago
Lincoln Park
2301 N. Clark St.
(312) 248-6060

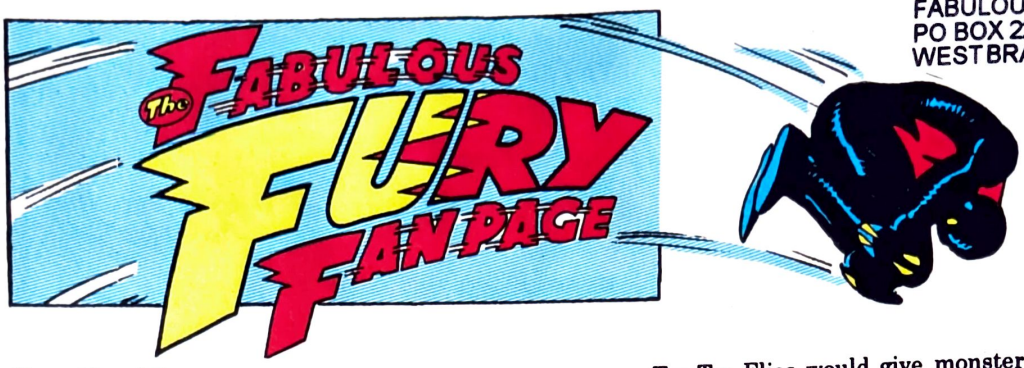
Schaumburg
Schaumburg Plaza
1455 W. Schaumburg Rd
(708) 529-6060

Deerfield
Deerbrook Mall
Lake Cook & Waukegan
(708) 272-6080

Mt. Prospect
Downtown
139 W. Prospect Ave.
(708) 398-6060

Mt. Prospect
Randhurst Mall
Elmhurst & Rand Rds.
(708) 577-8668

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO:
FABULOUS FURY FAN PAGE
PO BOX 2210
WEST BRATTLEBORO, VT 05303



Dear Al and Steve,

Wow! I have to tell you guys that "In The Thrall of The Threatening Three!!" was absolutely the best story that I ever read! The Dune is my all-time favorite Fury-foe, and after he got blown to the four corners of the Earth by that hurricane in "Dunesday!" back in ish #9 I thought we'd seen the last of him! Boy, was I wrong! The scene where he makes all of his body-mass stream into the Chrysler building, forcing the Fury upwards as floor after floor is consumed by the rolling dunes was just about the scariest thing ever, and it's even scarier to think that if the Dune hadn't been turned to glass during his fateful argument with Pyroman, then New York would be one big desert to this day! My only question is this: Was Voidoid *really* trapped beneath the fusing and hardening sand as he appeared to be on page 21? I sure hope not, because if he's dead then we may NEVER get to find out which one of the Fury's close associates he is in reality! My guess is that he's secretly Bash Brannigan, Rick Judge's high school football coach. They're about the same build, and whenever you see Voidoid without his Voidoid-suit, he's always wearing that football shirt with a big number zero on the back! Also, football coaches have the right sort of personality for being a super-villain, in that they are big and mean and always pick on thin kids with glasses, even though these kids are the most sensitive and intelligent in the whole class, and they make them do push-ups even when they can see they're having an asthma attack, and they say things in a real sarcastic voice like "have you always run like a girl, or are you taking lessons?" and stuff like that, so they would probably think nothing of putting on a suit that makes them into a big, man-shaped hole in the air and then threatening to submerge New York in sand up to the second story! You should do more stories about how mean football coaches are. Anyway, until next issue, you can Be Sure I'll See It's Sixty-Three!!

Charles Schuck, 382 Hubbell
Detroit, Michigan

Well, as you can see from the yarn in this issue, the vile and villainous Voidoid is far from vanquished, although we still ain't saying just whose face is behind the vacuous Voidoid-suit!! (To tell the truth, traveller, we still haven't figured it out OURSELVES!! Sturdy Steve thinks it might be The Fury's mom in a padded suit, while Dashin' Dave is of the opinion that the vacuum-like villain is none other than our own seldom-seen and cryptic colorist, Merry Marvin Kilroy!!)

Dear Al and Steve,

The Fury is my favorite character, along with N-Man. I like them because they remind me of the comics you guys used to do that my older brother still has. I really like the weird ones like Sspral and Vapoor. The Fury and N-Man fight monsters like those every couple of issues, so I like them the best. I've invented my own scarey stories, which you can use if you like. I draw them in my own comics. Here are two of the comic books I draw and sell to my friends in school, "Attack of the Giant Tse-Tse Flies" and "Revenge of the Giant Tse-Tse Flies." My older brother Reed says my stories are as good as yours, and that the Tse-Tse Flies would give monsters like the Mut-Ants from The Unbelievable N-Man a run for their honey! Like I said, you can use them if you want, as long as the Fury is the hero who defeats them! Sizzlin' Sixty-Three is the one for me!

Mitch Casey, Rte. 100
Duxbury, Vt.

We all got a big kick out of passing your comic-books around the slave-stuffed Sixty-Three sweatshop, Mitch, especially Lovable Larry Fein, our light-hearted lawyer, who noticed a resemblance between the Giant Tse-Tse Flies and The Behemoth Bugs from MYSTERY INCORPORATED #12 and who you may be getting a crazy, kid-along communication from very shortly! Incidentally, thanks for the kind words about the suspense and fantasy stories that we did in TALES OF THE UNCANNY, TALES FROM BEYOND and JOURNEY INTO THE UNEARTHLY, back when we were still called Fifty-Eight Comics, Ltd. We have a kinda soft spot for The Yolk, Rul Rax Rhoom and all the other great monsters of yesteryear, although you may be interested to know that some of the weirder names like Sspral and Vapoor came about as the result of handiwork by our former letterer, Dandy Don's partially sighted elder brother, Dyslexic Duane Simpson. The great thing about working with quaint old-timers like Double-Vision Duane was that you never knew just what you were going to get back when you handed them a script! "Sspral" was originally meant to be called "The Sprawl", believe it or not, while "Vapoor" is presumably the way that Deterioratin' Duane read "Draculex, Demon of Destiny", which is what the monster was originally supposed to be named. Go figure! Anyway, even though Darkness-Enshrouded Duane isn't exactly likely to be reading this up at the home that he retired to, we'd like to wish him a pypHa eRtrmietne from the whole darn Sweatshop gang!

DIDJA KNOW DEPT.!! Face forward, foaming ones! Didja know that the guy who we here at the sultry, swamp-like Sixty-Three sweatshop revere above any other mortal is none other than that magnanimous maestro of magazine management, marvelous MORRIS D. MOORENHEIMER! MARVELOUS MORRIE is the great, garrulous guy who owns not only the peerless PUBLISHING EMPIRE of which Sixty-Three is simply the slightest sliver, but also the power-packed PAPER COMPANY that provides the principal part of all our plucky PUBLICATIONS!! MIRACULOUS MORE-THAN-MORTAL MORRIE is not only a mighty magnate and a benign and bountiful boss, he's also the best darned uncle that a guy ever had! Our hats are off to ya, Morrie! You're the greatest!!

Dear Al and the Gang,

"In The Thrall Of The Threatening Three!!" was great! I'd always thought that Pyroman was sort of lame for a villain, but the way he turned out to be even more of a menace than either The Dune or Voidoid really had me on the edge of my seat! One thing, though...way back in issue five you promised us that you'd someday show us the big showdown between The Fury and his arch-enemy the Sinister Squid, the man who killed the Fury's father, but we still haven't seen it! Doc Centipede has been back twice since then and you even brought an unbelievable character like Art-Boy back out of mothballs when we all thought he'd been dissolved by turpentine in issue #3!! The whole of Sixty Three-dom is waiting for the Squid to face his day of reckoning, so you guys better not keep us hanging on much longer! Actually, I had another reason for writing you, which is that I read an article in this amateur magazine that I get which is called The Comics Gazette. In the article, it reprinted a memo from the Sixty-Three sweatshop with your letter-heading on it and everything, which was signed by Affable Al himself. The memo was talking about the up and coming DOUBLE IMAGE EIGHTY-PAGE GIANT ANNUAL, and there was this bit where Affable Al is talking about all the neat surprise guests that the annual will have, and he says "That ought to keep the little ****s happy!" I just wondered what it was that the Affable One meant by that, is all. Anyway, whatever it means, Sixty-Three is the One For Me!

Ralph J. Hutty, 58 Genesee St.
Englewood, N.J.

Of course it is, Ralph, and don't you go letting cheap, gossipy magazines like the one you mention go putting any ideas in your head that are to the contrary! You see, what Affable Al meant by that throwaway remark is exactly what it says: "That ought to keep the little STARS happy!" Because that's how we think of each and every one of you...as little stars, scintillating soulfully in the shining skies of Sixty Three-dom, Sahib! Now, while it's always a gas talking about the many pertinent points that Ralph rousingly raises in his lilting letters, maybe it's time to move on and see what swinging subjects some of you other sensational, stellar Sixty Three-ites are stumping us with, as in the merry missive below:

Dear Al, Steve and Dave,

In the last issue of NO ONE ESCAPES...THE FURY!, in panel six on page five, Pyroman refers to the Fury as "The Furry", with an extra "r". Not only that, but on page twenty, panel four, Voidoid only has three fingers on each hand. Is this something you will build a sub-plot out of in future issues, or did you just get it wrong?

Owen Bevels, 139 Bridge St.
Daly City, California

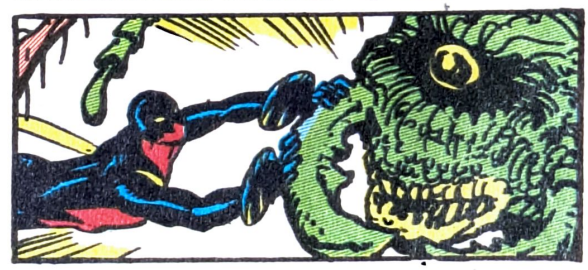
Gee, maybe we could have a whole run of stories in which our reliable roof-runner grows gradually hairier and has to change his name to "The Furry", or even an issue where Voidoid searches frantically for his missing digits, but somehow we think it would be easier to just admit that we made a gosh-awful goof in both instances! You are hereby appointed a Sixty-Three Shoddy Standards Supervisor, and you can bet that an amazing, altruistic, and above all actually absent ANTI-AWARD is meanwhile moving in a mostly-mythical manner towards your mansion, maestro!

Dear Editor,

I have a question that has been keeping me up every night, in the dark. What church does the Fury go to? Or doesn't he go? And why not? Is he really the devil? My Mom says that comic books are perverted and preach the devil's teachings. Is this so? My Mom is a good one and would never lie to me. Please answer me very soon, I can't sleep too good anymore. And when I'm awake I think evil thoughts and I'm afraid I'll go to hell when I die. So answer me soon, okay? By the way, I like your comics a lot, but I have to sneak them into the house under my shirt or hide them in the garage until it's safe. Do other kids have to do this too? May the Good Lord Bless you, your pal,

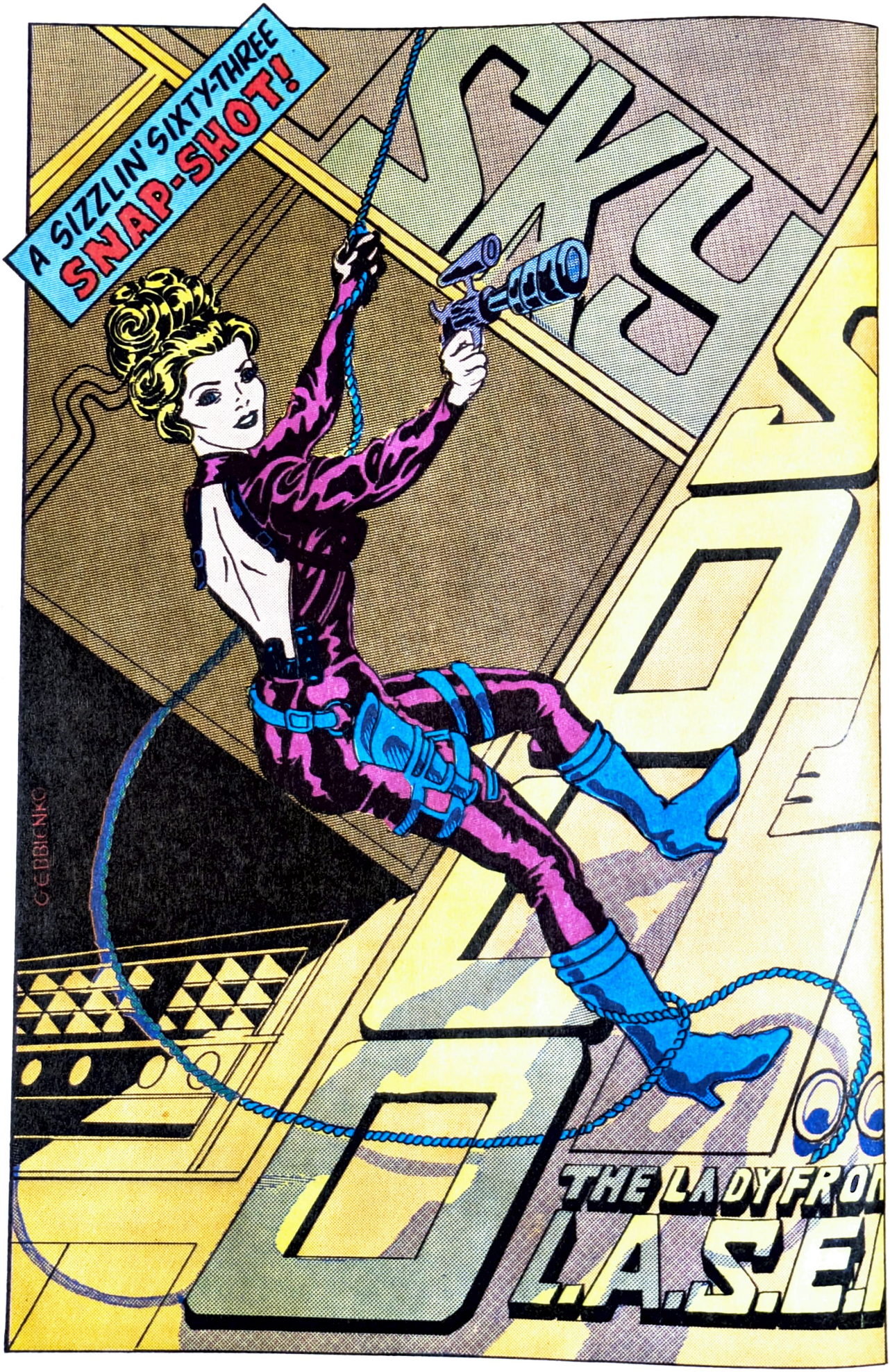
Tod Karole, 8 High Street
New Rockville, Conn.

Of course the fabulous Fury goes to church, Tod. That's because all of us here at the Sixty Three Sweatshop have the humble hope that somewhere in this kooky cosmos of ours there resides a sensational, swinging Supreme Being, who is greater by far than all of us, even the Affable One himself. A being whose powers are so great that they could probably even beat Cosmax or the Arcturan Ulti-Mind! Both you and your mom can rest assured that every serving of Sixty-Three shivers proudly proclaims our position, that there is, throughout this groovy galaxy, only one true God. Except for all the Egyptian ones in HORUS, LORD OF LIGHT. And the Hindu gods that Horus battled with in the last annual. Oh, and all that Tibetan stuff in JOHNNY BEYOND. Apart from that, we're orthodox to the bone, wayfarer!



-SPECIAL SIXTY-THREE SIGN-OFF SECTION:
Looks like we've come to the end of the trail again, travellers, but we've just got room to tantalize you with some tasty tid-bits regarding some of the soul-shattering sensations that Sturdy Steve Bissette is somehow still slaving over despite his demanding duties as Sixty-Three's very own Grand Vizier of Graphite! Alongside his pulse-pounding pencil-pushing for our very own HYPERNAUT and UNBELIEVABLE N-MAN, the Studious Staring One is still editing the taut terror-tome TABOO while laboring late-nights over his TOP-SECRET PROJECT that has something to do with (SHHHH!)dinosaurs!! AND Stalwart Steve has actually had a hand in writing a REAL book!! Yes, THE COMIC BOOK REBELS will be rattling the racks of your local bookstores in just sixty days, and since ol' Affable Al himself is among those interviewed for the book, every stand-up Sixty-Threeite surely should secure a copy for their sagging shelves!

NEXT ISSUE, in TALES OF THE UNCANNY, we dish up a dynamic double-header as our star-spangled spy-smasher U.S.A. deals with a "DOUBLE DEAL IN DALLAS", only to discover that a fiendish former foe of his is lurking in the wings! Meanwhile, the hard-hitting HYPERNAUT confronts the fearsome 4-D MAN in "IT CAME FROM HIGHER SPACE!!" These mixed-up meisterworks are making their way to you in a mere month, mortals, so start putting aside those pennies now, and always remember to Be Sure To See It's Sixty-Three! Say no more, Sahib!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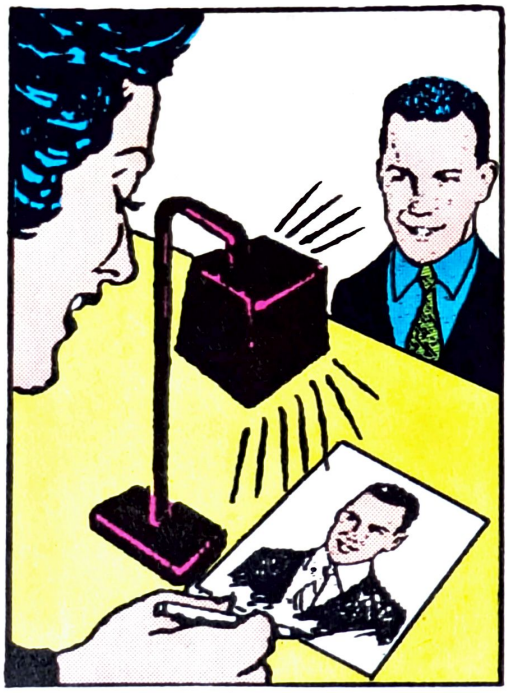

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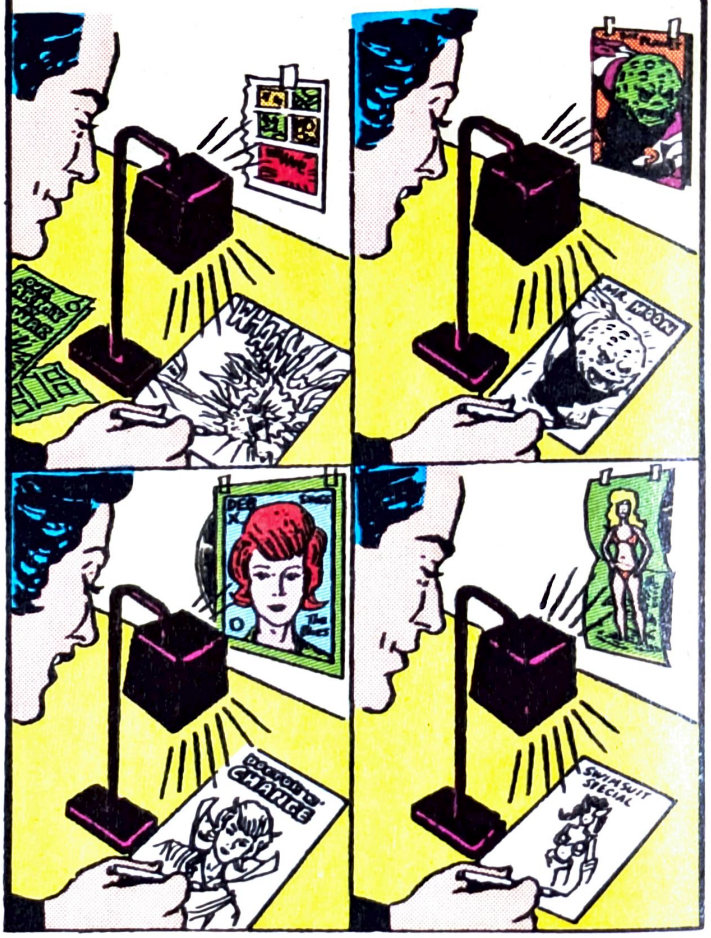

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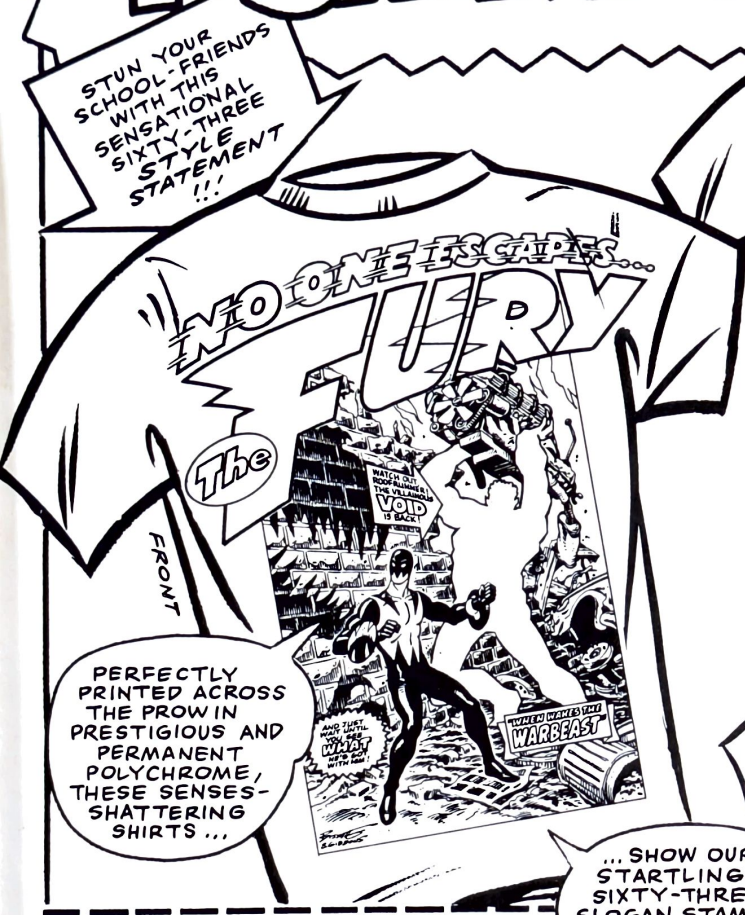

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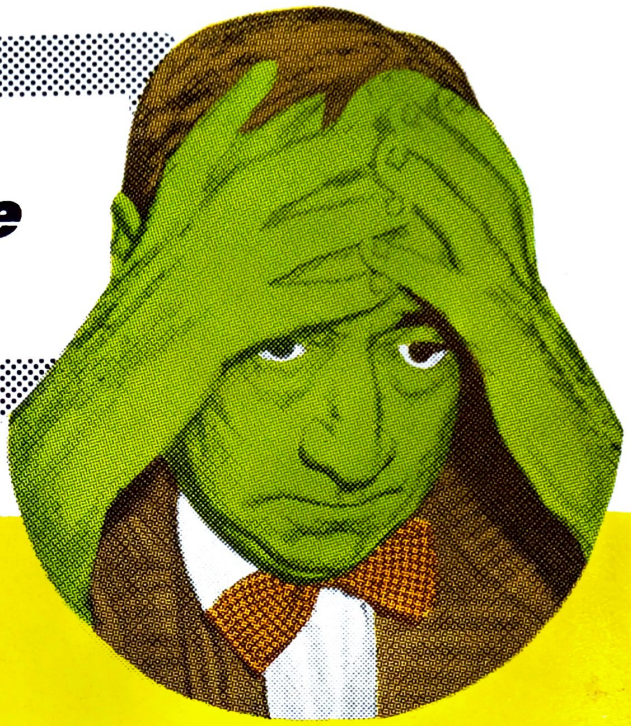

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